

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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AN HOUR WITH JOHNNY GORILLA

DO EAGLES CARRY OFF CHILDREN?

Old Fable Told Again

HOW A PARROT SAVED ITS LIFE

By Our Natural Historian

Once more there comes from France a repetition of the old fable that a child has been carried off by an eagle.

The story was probably not true. We have an eagle-and-child story of this sort every few years, but never has the truth of one been established. The fact is that no eagle could carry off a child which is big enough to be running about in the fields.

Way of the Eagle

Eagles kill lambs, kids, and even deer, but they do not carry them off;—they eat them where they fall. The things they carry to the nest for their young are hares, rabbits, rats, and mice, and, of course, many birds. They have not nearly strength enough to fly off with children. There is an eagle-and-child legend in Lord Derby's family, but every old house has something marvellous and absurd in its annals—ghosts, banshees, birds of ill omen, and so on.

The way of an eagle is wonderful enough without our adding impossible feats to its credit. Its diabolical ingenuity in swooping down upon the back of a kid or an injured deer, beating it with its wings, and driving it out of the herd to the edge of a precipice, where the terrified animal leaps down to destruction, is true and amazing enough. But the bird does not carry away its victim, because it cannot. It begins to eat it then and there, and returns again and again to the carcase, until only the bare bleached bones remain.

The Parrot's Song

Thirty years ago Lady Marian Alford used to tell a capital story of the swoop of an eagle into her garden, where an old Scots gardener, John Tooch, was working. The eagle did not carry him off; it snapped up a parrot which was at liberty on the lawn. Now, the parrot had been taught a song, and as it sailed over the head of the old gardener, in the grip of the eagle's talons, it mournfully repeated the line, "We're riding noo, we're riding noo!"

The sound of the parrot's voice so terrified the eagle that it dropped its prey. The parrot fluttered down from the air to the ground below, and old John Tooch picked it up and restored it to its cage, none the worse for its astounding adventure.

That is a true story, but, we may be sure that, as it was afterwards repeated by old ladies one to another in their cottages, the incident would be so "improved" that it would be rare John Tooch, and not the parrot, who was carried up into the air. In some such fantastic way as this these stories grow up of children being kidnapped and carried to death in the eagle's eyrie.

Little Men Befriended by Great Britain



The rising generation in Persia, the ancient land Great Britain is helping to set on her feet again

THE GARRET IN WHICH JAMES WATT THOUGHT OUT HIS STEAM ENGINE

The Birmingham Committee for celebrating the centenary of James Watt, the great inventor, is about to try to remove the garret in which he worked in his later years from the top of Heathfield Hall, formerly outside the city, to the central memorial building that will stand in honour of Watt's genius in the middle of Birmingham.

Watt retired from an active business life nineteen years before his death at the age of 83, and his faithful partner, Matthew Boulton, continued the work which Watt detested. The inventor's pleasure was in hand-work in metals, and so he fitted the topmost storey of his house as a workshop, and to it retired daily to practise his fine manual dexterity.

As his wife was particular in the house, and did not appreciate the presence in the living rooms of a husband looking

like a blacksmith, he cooked his own simple food in his work-room, and secluded himself there unless he was called down by the arrival of some of the notable men in science, literature, and politics who admired his genius, character, and wise talk.

After Watt died, the garret was locked up for fifty years, and, though some of the evidences of his later inventions contrived there have been taken away, the place remains much as it was, with the materials for his work on the lathe, the cooking utensils by the fire, and the school books of the beloved son who died in the corner.

Birmingham will do well to preserve for lasting inspection this speaking memorial of the pursuit of skill into old age by a simple great man. The whole story of Watt and his work is told in My Magazine for September.

NATIONS 'SWAP' LIKE SCHOOLBOYS QUEER RESULT OF WAR

Back to the Old System of Trade by Barter

TAKING THE SHOP BY TRAIN

The difficulties of trade between country and country when the money of each country has a varying value not easily fixed—as is the case at present almost everywhere—are being met in Switzerland by a return to the old system of barter, or "swapping."

One country produces things another country requires, that country produces something else the first country requires, and as the price cannot easily be settled in the paper money of either country the goods themselves are exchanged, as a schoolboy buys, let us say, a rabbit for a pocket-knife.

Enterprising Switzerland

It is the Swiss, whose country is set right in the midst of four other countries, with three more countries not far away, who are re-starting this old method of trade. They are sending out trading trains. As all the railways in Switzerland belong to the Swiss Government the manufacturers who have goods to sell hire goods-vans from the government, make up a train, and exchange their goods for other goods as they pass through other countries.

As the countries round are not yet in every case very orderly or safe, and their goods-vans might be seized and robbed, Swiss soldiers accompany the trains as an armed guard. In this way their trading-trains have gone through Italy into South Slavia, through Austria into Bohemia, through Germany into Poland, and done good business.

They have sold their embroidered cotton goods for oranges and lemons in one country, and for eggs and pigs elsewhere, while their chocolate and cheese have bought rice, cattle, and timber.

Value of Money Upset

In the same way England is sending shiploads of manufactured goods through the Kara Sea to the mouths of the rivers Obi and Yenesei, to barter with the Siberians for their butter and other farm produce. So, while the after-effects of the war are unsettling the value of money so that it is no longer always a satisfactory medium of exchange, men are going back temporarily to the primitive method of trade by barter. The great world system of commerce is one of the things the war has broken down.

Nurse Cavell's Dog

There has been a dog show at Lille, and one of the greatest attractions was a dog, now owned by a duchess, which used to belong to Nurse Cavell.

FILMS TO REACH ROUND EARTH A Kinema Menagerie NEW STORIES FOR THE SCREEN

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

The Editor urges his readers not to patronise picture palaces where vulgar plays are exhibited.

How many miles of film pictures have been taken in the last few years nobody can say, but we may be sure they would reach easily many times round the earth.

The American Secretary for War has made the interesting announcement that 160 miles of kinema photographs have been taken of America's part in the war, all for the official archives of the State, where they will be available for future generations.

Besides these, the archives contain nearly fifty thousand ordinary photographs of the American army in the war.

FILM ANIMALS

Lions, elephants, tigers, gorillas, camels, chimpanzees, alligators and birds without number are some of the actors in "The Lost City," a remarkable new serial film which has just reached London from America, where it was produced. Colonel W. N. Selig, the producer, owns one of the largest private collections of wild animals in the world, and uses it for making kinema stories.

BRITISH STARS

Although most of the best films still come from the United States, many of the people who help to make them are British. Mary Pickford and her brother Jack are both Canadians, having been born in Toronto. Charlie and Sydney Chaplin are, of course, Londoners, while Enid Bennett, the pretty young heroine of many dramas, comes from Australia.

Mack Sennett, the producer of those famous Keystone comics, in which the world is turned topsy-turvy and all manner of amazing impossibilities take place, is another Canadian. Wyndham Standing is an Englishman and a nephew of one of our greatest English actors, the late Sir Charles Wyndham.

THE FLY GAME

To while away the time between the taking of scenes, the actors at Thomas H. Ince's kinema studio in California have invented a new game. A chalk circle is drawn on the floor, and each player puts a coin in the ring. Then everybody sits round and waits till a fly settles on one of the coins, the owner of which is the winner.

The first time the fly game was played, a certain tragedian won so persistently that someone examined his coin. It was then discovered that his success was due to a little piece of sugar placed upon it!

NOT HEAVEN

When poor little Sadie found herself amid the splendours of a wealthy New York mansion she really believed she had succeeded in reaching heaven, which she had set out with her dog to discover.

Born and brought up in a slum, she had never even dreamed of such magnificence. But a little experience taught her that riches cannot buy happiness, and that there can be no heaven without love. "Sadie goes to Heaven" is the name of this pretty film story, in which Mary McAlister, the clever child actress, plays the heroine.

TWO IMPS

Never did you behold two such imps as Dolly McKenzie and Ebenezer Eczema. Abraham White, a little black boy, known as "Sambo" for short.

Sambo accompanies his white playmate, Dolly, on a visit to her uncle, whose life the two young terrors proceed to plague by their antics. After creating havoc in his store-cupboard, they lose their way in the woods and, falling asleep, have terrible dreams of Red Indians. The whole neighbourhood is roused to search for them, and eventually they are discovered—not a scrap ashamed of all the pother they have caused. The full story of "Dolly's Vacation" is told in a new Pathé film of that title.

L. Y.

The Man Who Stops the Train GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE & HIS BIG IDEA The Boy Who Liked to See Things Done Well and the Man Who Did Them Well

HOW HE SPENT HIS LAST PENNY ON HIS GREAT DAY

A Book Being Read Now

George Westinghouse: His Life and Achievements. By F. E. Leupp. 15s. net. Murray.

If you stand in a railway station when an express comes rushing in you may think, "That train will never stop in time"; but it does, for the engine comes to rest quietly at the other end of the station. The stopping, when it seemed impossible, is due to the continuous brake invented and perfected by George Westinghouse, and used on almost every important railway in the world.

It is the brain of this clever man at work in the world long after he has passed beyond it, that stops our trains.

Again, if you look at the motor-machinery worked by the driver of a tramcar, the chances are that you will see it has been manufactured by the British Westinghouse Company, for the name of George Westinghouse is almost as widely spread along the world's tramways as along its railways.

Poor Inventor's Rise

Who was George Westinghouse, and how came his name to be world-famous?

His life has now been published, five years after his death in the first year of the War, and it is a startling story of an inventive genius who, starting as a poor American country lad, founded works which employed tens of thousands of workmen in his own and other lands, making the machinery he had thought out or improved.

George's father, also named George, was a small farmer living in a rural part of the State of New York, whose delight was in carpentry, and who presently set himself to improve, patent, and make agricultural machinery, such as threshing and winnowing machines, and so attained a small local success with which he was quite content.

A Good Thrashing

Young George, who disliked school and loved a workshop, was brought up chiefly in his father's carpentry shed, where his thoughts turned specially to the iron work of his father's simple machines. He was a headstrong boy who lived his own life, full of his own thoughts, which even then were running on inventions, though of a kind his father did not appreciate.

But he was always honest and thorough, and loved to see anything done well. Once his father gave him a thrashing, and, having broken a stick over him, flung it down saying, "That's good for nothing." "There's a better one, father," said the boy, pointing to a leather whip which hung on the wall. He liked a job well done, even if it were his own punishment!

When the war between the Northern and Southern States broke out George enlisted, at 17, in the Northern army, and afterwards transferred into the navy as an assistant engineer. After the war he was sent to college, but felt no interest in the lectures as they did not help him with the things he was interested in, that is, inventions, and so he returned home to work again for his father.

Making Air Stop a Train

He set to work and brought out many railway inventions, which he made and sold himself, with the assistance of partners who provided most of the money needed.

Then came his great compressed-air brake, which he eventually brought to a state approaching perfection. The difficulty was to get a brake that would

act swiftly on all the wheels of a train, and equally all along the train, while it was controlled easily by one man. He found the power he needed in compressed air flashing on him when he was reading a magazine article about the boring of Mont Cenis tunnel.

The brake was made, and then came the testing of it. Westinghouse and his partner had to hire a train to try it on, and to promise to make good any damage that was done. In one of the cars was a gathering of railway experts to watch the experiment. As the train was starting Westinghouse gave the engine-driver a fifty-dollar note to induce him to do his best. *It was the last money he had in the world.* The rest had gone in preparing the experiment.

A Great Experiment

An accident settled once for all the power of the Westinghouse brake to stop a train. The experimental train came suddenly on a dray with two horses blocking the line at a level crossing. The train was going at thirty miles an hour; the dray could not get clear, and the drayman in his terror fell on the line.

But the driver suddenly jammed on the full power of the brake, and brought the train to a stop within four feet of the obstruction, flinging all the railway experts in a heap at one end of their carriage. As they emerged with battered hats and aching bones, and saw how near to death the drayman had been, they needed no further proof of the power of the brake.

The improvements that were needed afterwards were to make the stopping gradual. From this time Westinghouse was a "made man." He started successfully a company for lighting Pittsburg by natural gas, then he turned to electricity, fought a long trade battle with Edison, the rival inventor, and his inventions became numbered by the hundred.

Three Points About a Man

Three points that strike an observer of George Westinghouse most strongly are his great fertility of mind in inventing a way of overcoming any difficulty; his gift in making stupid men at the head of business concerns accept his best inventions, a greater task than the invention itself; and his strange weakness in managing money.

It seemed for a while that his only way of getting English railways to try his brake, after its success had been proved in America, was to buy a few miles of railway, with locomotives and carriages, to secure a trial for a thing greatly needed. The railways did not want anything fresh, however useful it might be, because new things, though better, meant new expense first.

Never Beaten

In business Westinghouse failed more than once, because he was too successful. He thought out new contrivances, set up companies to make them, first in America and then in other countries, and gathered more business than he could grapple with. He felt that expense did not matter in the least, and till the end he never saw his mistake.

A friend once told him he never knew when he was beaten. "Oh, yes, I should know if I were beaten," said George; "but I never have felt beaten." All the same, he had been beaten by his own inability to manage money.

In ordinary life he was a plain, blunt, somewhat retiring man, modest in his generosity, stern in discipline, happily married, and a fine example of the homely clever men who have done practical work with amazing skill.

STORIES OF THE ZOO SQUIRRELS AND LITTLE OWLS IN DISGRACE

An Old Friend Shot

GEESE OF VIMY RIDGE

By Our London Zoo Correspondent

Among the new birds that have arrived at the Zoo are two little owls. The species was first introduced into this country from the Continent by the late Lord Lilford who, for a succession of years, liberated birds from his aviaries, hoping that they would settle down and multiply in their new home.

Had he foreseen the result of his experiment, however, he would probably have thought twice before liberating them, for, like the rabbit in Australia, the aliens have increased to such an extent that they are likely to prove a great nuisance. It is stated that in two Hertfordshire woods no less than 150 pairs of little owls were nesting there this season, and, owing to the lack of hollow trees to build in, many of the birds made homes in rabbit burrows.

As many as five eggs have been found in a nest instead of the usual three.

The presence of the alien visitors is not confined to any particular part, for they have spread to all counties.

SQUIRRELS IN DISGRACE

Two more American grey squirrels have been added to those already at the Zoo. In a similar manner to the owls, these foreign importations, many of whom were set free from the Zoological Gardens some years back, have multiplied in numbers to such an extent, and spread so far afield, that they are now more plentiful than our brown squirrel.

As they do a considerable amount of damage to budding crops, and also steal the eggs from birds' nests, the Government have decreed that in future they are to be regarded as vermin.

TRAINED LLAMAS

Some time back we announced the arrival of several llamas. Some of these have now been trained to harness, giving rides to boys and girls in their new four-wheeled cart. *See page 12*

THE FIRST BABY PANDAS

By far the most interesting event to report from the Zoological Gardens is the birth of two pandas, or cat-bears, the first to be born at the gardens. They are not yet on view to the public as the mother keeps them hidden in the shelter of her sleeping box, and nobody is allowed to disturb them.

THE LAST WAPITI DEER

The last of the Canadian wapiti, an old friend at the Zoo, is dead. It had been in bad health for some time, so the authorities decided to shoot it rather than allow it to linger on with little chance of recovery.

GEESE THROUGH THE WAR

Two domestic geese, mascots of the Royal Field Artillery, are being looked after by the Zoological Society, and can be seen in the goose paddocks outside the lion house. *See page 12*

They have had a very adventurous career during the War, having been present during more than a dozen battles, including Loos, Ypres, Arras, Vimy Ridge, Brouillon Wood, Cambrai, and Mons. The gander has been gassed, and also had its leg broken by shrapnel.

THE HUNTING LEOPARD

Two young cheetahs, or hunting leopards, are the latest attraction at the lion house. Although very cat-like in appearance, yet in certain respects the species more closely resembles a dog.

The cheetah is one of the few beasts found in a wild state both in Africa and Asia. Its fleetness of foot is remarkable; even a greyhound cannot outstrip it. The animal soon tires, however, and if it is unable to overtake its quarry within a few minutes it usually gives up the chase. In former days the wealthy natives of India kept trained cheetahs for hunting antelopes. *W. S. B.*

A Boy's Game with a Gorilla at the Zoo—Strange Creature from African Forests

Hundreds of thousands of people have been to see the great game of a boy and a gorilla at the London Zoo. It is a remarkable sight.

No other gorilla has ever lived in captivity so long as this; all the gorillas ever brought to the Zoo have pined and died. But Johnny

stands alone. He has been brought up as a young gorilla should be brought up for living in captivity, and he spends a great part of every day in playing with a human mate.

It is a wondrous sight to see, this play of a London boy and an African gorilla, this queer,

strange creature nearest to man among the creatures of the wild. The story will live in the annals of animal life, and the Children's Newspaper has asked its Natural Historian, Mr. Ernest Bryant, to spend an hour with Johnny Gorilla at the Zoo. This is Mr. Bryant's story.

JOHNNY is the merriest, jolliest little gorilla fellow who ever quitted the steaming tropical forest for the daylight, sunshine, and mists of our trying climate.

Thousands of people are going to the Zoo to see him; tens of thousands should go, for the sight is without a parallel. We have never before possessed a healthy gorilla in Regent's Park. The Zoo has had six, some very young, some more mature, some tiny, some almost the size of a chimpanzee, but each one has been morose and unhappy, sickly and sorrowing, and all have perished within six months of their landing.

Feat of a Negress

But now, behold Johnny Gorilla, the pride of the London Zoo! There he is, three days a week, weather permitting—Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 12 till 6—and it is worth going a hundred miles to see him sporting in the great open-air playground in which a lion used to live, playing like a human thing with a human boy, Ernest William Hodges.

Johnny is a sort of zoological bolt from the blue, dropped suddenly in our midst, and his story is sheer romance. As far as it can be traced it runs like this.

He was captured in his forest home when about one day old, and, so the tale runs, was brought up by a negro woman, as if he were one of her own children. That was five years ago. Last year a cargo of monkeys was shipped from a West African port to England, and, by some witchery of chance or design, this priceless Johnny, the only known captive gorilla, was included among the cargo.

He arrived in August, 1918, and was very soon secured for a great London shop, in which he formed the chief attraction at the Christmas bazaar. Then appeared Major Penny, a man with a golden heart and a scientific mind, and he bought Johnny, took him home, fitted up a room for him, and gave him the freedom of his garden.

A Ride in a Taxi

Johnny flourished and grew, and a boy was engaged to look after him, to play with him, to supply the only thing he needed—youthful society. And then it was arranged that the two friends should visit the Zoo. Three times a week they go there. A taxicab calls for Johnny Gorilla, his blanket, his bottle of milk, his luncheon basket, and his human mate; and a taxi calls again in the evening and takes him home.

His friends declare that Johnny can do almost everything but speak. He can drink from a bottle, but has not yet mastered the use of a spoon. But he need not, seeing that his food is raw fruit—oranges, grapes, bananas, plums, apples, and so on, with no rice and no meat. He runs actively, but much more lithely than the Zoo oranges and chimpanzees. He climbs anything—chairs, tables, the wire of his cage, the shoulders of his playmate; he jumped on to the writer's back. He behaves like a strong child. Tickle him and he laughs, with a deep grunt-

ing chuckle. Annoy him and he cries "Hock, hock!" a sound recalling the petulant "hoo-hoo" of the chimpanzee.

Next to his boy mate, his chief favourite is a kitten. At home they are inseparable. Johnny cuddles the kitten to his broad breast, puts her round his neck, and appears devoted to her, as she to him. If he annoys her she gives him a tap with her paw, spits and runs; but Johnnie's long arm and

positively frighten poor Johnny! Were there snakes in his home, one wonders, and do worms in their wriggings suggest young snakes to him? All the monkey tribes are mortally afraid of these reptiles.

But Johnny loves to play with the soil in the garden, like a child on the sands. Give him the run of a tree, and he will break off pieces, tuck them under him, make a nest and lie in it,

bounds Johnny to see what it is he is seeking; he has only to hide his head under the blankets and Johnny is there in an instant to pull the blanket off and give a tug at the hair and a cuff to his mate's tumbled mop.

A gymnast prides himself on his tricks with the slack rope, but Johnny humbles all our acrobats. One hand, two hands, right side up, head downwards—any way—he swings, and he loves to give a tug at his friend's trousers or nimbly kick him with his feet as he swings near him.

Johnny's Humour

Johnny is perfectly conscious when he has done something funny or clever, for he will lead his own applause without waiting for it. He claps his hands loudly. But how the true gorilla comes out when he becomes excited. The old story of the enraged gorilla, beating a thunderous tattoo with his fists upon his great chest has been denied, but Johnny is here to prove the story true. He hammers his breast with both hands as if it were a tom-tom if anything unusual happens. He insists on somebody playing with him, and if nobody obliges him he thumps the floor with his knuckles to attract attention, and pulls your arm.

Like a human boy, Johnny enjoys the best appetite after he has played much. Then he eats heartily, and he can drink, too—six pints of milk-and-water a day! The other day, after he had had his lunch, he crept stealthily to the place where his bottle of milk is kept, and took a deep drink.

He was scolded, but as soon as his mate's back was turned he went back to the bottle, and, in his haste to put it down on being discovered, spilt some on his arm. His attention was drawn to it. "Lick it off, naughty Johnny," said the boy. And Johnny licked off perhaps twenty spots, walked to the table, picked up a corner of his blanket, and wiped off the rest. He is learning to behave.

What Will Happen Some Day?

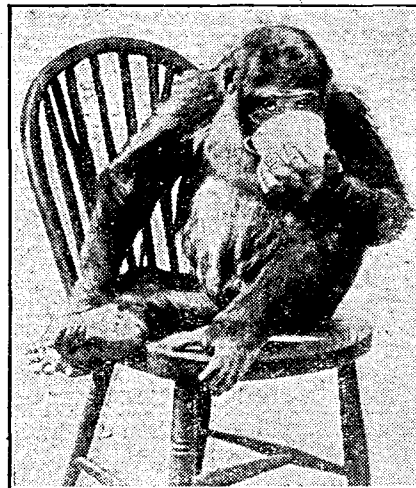
There is no surliness, no moping, no sort of doubt about Johnny; he is the happiest ape alive. Cleanly in himself, he is scrupulously brushed twice a day, and has a coat like thick silk. He is a wonder, and we ought all to go to the Zoo and see him. He has broken every record by living over a year in England, and if all goes well he should live for years with us.

But what will happen when he grows up? Will his mate, or any other human being, dare to face his frightful strength then? Time must prove. At present he is the most endearing gorilla in creation.

In the scale of nature the gorillas come nearest to man, and Johnny has grown up accustomed to human society, so that the chief joy of his life is the companionship of a fearless, high-hearted London boy. The understanding between the two is marvellous. They are both certain of fame, for they are bound to figure together in the books of the future.



The London Boy and His African Companion



Johnny Gorilla of Africa enjoys Life at the London Zoo

hand catch and draw her back. He romps gently with her and chases her, or she chases him, to his great delight. But Johnny's friendship stops short at giving the kitten food; there we have the true animal: horse, dog, cat, even the gentlest bird, they will all fight over their food.

Birds greatly interested this young creature of the wilds, though he does not aspire to catch them; but worms

as his ancestors lay in the woods. Failing these, when he wishes to nap, as he does after dinner, he coils his blanket round him like a nest.

He has all the curiosity of a child. Understanding when he is called, sometimes he will not respond, but, like a human youngster, mischievously goes in the opposite direction. His chum knows what to do. He has only to pretend to find something, and up

HONOUR DEARER THAN A CROWN

Why Prince Carol Gave Up a Throne

BRAVE YOUNG MAN WHO WOULD NOT SELL HIS BIRTHRIGHT

The ridiculous doctrine of the divine right of kings to do wrong has been exploded, and its high priest, the Kaiser, is a nobody on the face of the earth. But the human right of a man who should be king has been bravely asserted by a young prince who helped to fight the Kaiser before he fell.



Prince Carol

Prince Carol, heir to the throne of Rumania, has renounced the throne in order to live happily as a plain citizen with the wife he chose himself.

The prince is 25, and old enough to know his mind. Last September he married the daughter of a Moldavian professor, whereupon the thunders of the Court were turned against him.

A Court in a Fix

They did not dream in those days what a clatter of royal houses was to come, and how thrones were to collapse like cards; and with cynical effrontery they tried to buy off his lawful bride.

An honest young couple, they indignantly refused the insulting proposal of the politicians of the Court, and action was then taken against the bridegroom, who was sent to a monastery for two months for having dared to do what any ordinary man of his age has the right to do. He returned to his wife as soon as he was released, and offered to surrender his right to the crown.

The Court pretended to accept the offer, thinking the prince would repent, but its pretence placed the Court in a position of great embarrassment, so they reinstated the prince, issuing a decree declaring the marriage illegal and void.

A Dishonourable System

But they counted without the high-spirited prince. Nothing that they did could move him from the course of honour. He cared nothing for the throne of Rumania, but he cared with all his chivalrous young heart for the professor's daughter whom he had married. So, as matters cannot be reconciled, he takes his stand finally at her side, and renounces the crown for good and all.

His place as heir to the throne will be taken by his brother, a boy of 16 who has just left Eton to take up his position.

Here is a lesson which all royal parents had better take to heart. The marriages of foreign royalties have been a scandal in the past; marriages were made by scheming politicians, with princes and princesses as pawns in a diplomatic game. But for the dishonourable system which permits a sovereign to refuse recognition to the marriage of his heir we might never have had the war.

Marriage that Led to the War

The late heir to the Austrian throne married a woman of exalted family, but not of royal blood, and the snobbish Emperor insisted that the Crown Prince's wife should not be queen.

But the Archduke was arrogant, and his wife ambitious, and she determined to take her place.

They, and not the feeble Emperor, thrust the country deeper and deeper into the toils of Germany, and one day they were murdered at Sarajevo. It was a terrible and cruel crime, which seemed likely to be soon forgotten; but suddenly it loomed large in the news of the world, for the murderers were Serbians whom the Archduke had wronged, and out of that tragedy came the declaration of war upon Serbia, and out of that came the Great War of Europe.

WILD LIFE IN TOWNS

Bees Hold Up Traffic

It is astonishing to note how frequently wild life interferes with work in towns. Two cases have lately occurred.

One was at Acton in the goods yard of Carter Paterson, the carriers, where a great mass of bees swarmed. The bees gathered in four groups over the gate, buzzing loudly, and creating a danger zone across which the drivers of vans dare not pass. The entire traffic of the yard was held up for two hours until some allotment holders captured the swarms and carried them off.

Another case is from Bradford-on-Avon, where a workman in a rubber factory was severely attacked by a stoat. The little creature ran up his legs and reached his throat, and was only beaten off with the help of several men.

At New Quay, in Cardiganshire, a lady attacked by a cow saved herself by pluckily seizing the animal by the horns.

THE LOST HORSE

Major Yates of Banbury rode his favourite mare through four years of the war, and took her into Germany, and at the end of the war he was allowed to buy her back from the Army. Since March, however, he has had no trace of it, and he is appealing for information of its whereabouts. Its name is Piccadilly.

Another horse has just returned to its old home at Halstead, in Essex, without its rider, the colonel who took it out long ago having been killed in the war. The horse served in France, Russia, and Salonika.

BRAVE DEED OF A CHELSEA GIRL

Vera Richardson, a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl of Chelsea, has set her name among the heroes. She jumped into the Thames fully clothed and saved the life of Ernest Dove, a Chelsea boy, who had got out of his depth while bathing.

The boy was being carried away by the tide when Vera Richardson, seeing his danger, plunged in and grabbed him. The tide was almost too strong for her to get him to the bank, but Constable Tomlin helped her to land, and all was well. *Portrait on page 12*

GREAT CLIMB UP A WIRELESS MAST

A mast-erector has climbed a steel mast at Chelmsford 420 feet high, carrying with him tackle for repairing a breakage of the aerial installation, and having no other handhold or foothold during the climb than the heads of the bolts that fasten the steel sections of the mast together.

The ascent took an hour, and the climber is more than fifty. Is this not a record for daring and endurance?

A PRESENT FOR THE POOR

The Canadian Army authorities have given away enormous quantities of frozen fish to the poor of London. Great crowds gathered at the distributing centres in Bermondsey, and one of the effects was the sudden fall of prices in the fish shops from 8d. to 2d. a pound.

A BOY'S WONDERFUL RIDE

A boy of sixteen, who was in trouble for taking a bicycle from outside a shop in Weybridge, rode the bicycle to see his grandmother at Bury in Lancashire, a wonderful ride of 200 miles.

MR. CARNEGIE'S FORTUNE

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was fond of saying that the man who died rich died disgraced. It is announced that he died worth £10,000,000.

FATAL STINGS

Wasps have lately swarmed on to the back of a goat at Beddington, in Surrey, and stung it to death.

A DASHING EXPLOIT

Bolshevik Battleships Go Down

SIX MOTOR-BOATS AT KRONSTADT FORTRESS

The sinking of two Bolshevik battleships and a destroyer off Kronstadt by six little British motor-boats, assisted by three aeroplanes, is the kind of daring exploit in which the young men of the British Navy delight.

Of the danger they never seem to think. It is the tradition of the fleet to know no fear, and to welcome the chance of proving that it is not felt.

For some time the Russian fleet had been sheltering under the guns of Kronstadt, the great fortress that bars the entrance to the Neva, the swift river issuing from Lake Ladoga, and passing through Petrograd to the Gulf of Finland.

It seems that the British plan was to bomb Kronstadt from the air first, and so accurately was this done that the Russian fleet were seized with panic and sought more sea-room by leaving the harbour. At once the waiting motor boats pounced on them and torpedoed them, sinking the two most powerful vessels and a destroyer.

Three of the motor-boats were destroyed by shell-fire, and one fouled a Russian mine when returning from the attack, so that two only returned.

Such bravery recalls the most daring deeds of Drake and Nelson. Modern life, instead of sapping the courage of men, seems to have strengthened it. They knew the cost, and pay it willingly.

KING PRESSES A BUTTON

And Unveils a Statue 3000 Miles Away

The King, in his room at Balmoral Castle, is to press a button which will unveil in Montreal, on the Canadian side of the Atlantic Ocean, a statue to Sir George Etienne Cartier, who was the Prime Minister of Canada between 1858 and 1862. A touch of a button at Balmoral and the cover falls from this statue across the sea.

Who was this man thus honoured by Canada and the King? Sir George, who was made a baronet in 1868, died in London in 1873. He first made a reputation as a lawyer, and then became a party-leader and Prime Minister.

Though he specially represented the French of Lower Canada, Sir George Cartier was respected by all as a man of sterling honesty of character.

There is a suitability in the honour done to Cartier being associated with the linking of continent with continent by electricity, for he took a share in girdling of the world by swift travel, as one of the supporters of the Canadian Pacific railway, which formed the most direct route between ocean and ocean across the American continent.

A MAN'S SURPRISE

A great surprise awaited a man who went home at Chatham the other night. A live snake was curled up on his doorstep, having escaped from a show.

WHAT IS A WATT?

It was stated in an article a week or two ago, dealing with the new half-watt lamp, that a watt represents a fifteen-hundredth part of one-horse-power. This should have referred to the power consumed for every candle-power by the new half-watt lamp.

A watt is the unit of electrical energy, and is a 240th part of one horse-power.

TALE OF PALESTINE

PICTURE-JOURNEY WITH ALLENBY

Kinematograph of the Desert War

TOMMY AND HIS GENERAL

It is a long time since such popular crowds were seen at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, London, as those now drawn by the kinema lecture of Mr. Lowell Thomas, the American war correspondent who was with Allenby in Palestine. Perhaps it is longer still since such wonderful pictures were thrown upon the screen.

It would be a great and wise thing if all our schools could send their boys and girls to hear this lecture, which tells the story of the last crusade in such a way that the very desert seems to come to life before our eyes.

Where David Slung His Stone

The storyteller takes us in his aeroplane from Cairo to Palestine and, looking down, we view the Pyramids, the oldest wonder of the world, from a seat in the youngest of world wonders.

Long caravans of camels wind their way across the endless brown roads as in days before ever a Crusader trod the Holy Land, and suddenly we are swept again through centuries by the appearance of a line of armoured motor-cars.

Over Beersheba, where Abraham dwelt, pausing to gaze at the well at which he watered his flocks, we pass on to the old Philistine city where Samson wooed Delilah. We fly over the battlefield where the Scots inflicted so terrible a defeat on the Turks, but as we look down the khaki and turbaned warriors alike leave our imagination untouched, for we are thinking of that battle fought long ago upon this very plain, when a little shepherd boy named David slung his stone at the giant Goliath.

Oxford Man Among the Arabs

The story seems to open as Sir Walter Scott would have opened it; then Mr. Henty seems to take up the tale. How a young Oxford student sailed to Mesopotamia to explore, and how he left the study of the past at the call of the present, seems like an echo from "With Clive in India." As the trusted adviser of the Arab King of the Hedjaz, Thomas Lawrence played a part in the Near East which was one of the great deciding factors in freeing its peoples from the tyranny of the Turk; and here we listen to his amazing story.

There are striking pictures of the plague of locusts which threatened to lay waste the land of Egypt once again, and the seemingly providential arrival of swarms of storks which gobbled up the invaders and restored the earth's green mantle.

A Bit of a Sentry

We see the railway from Cairo to Jerusalem; we see the pipes laid that bring the pure waters of the Nile across the miles of desert to the Holy City which for centuries has had to slake its thirst from filthy water tanks; and we realise that we are living in a present worthy of the mighty past.

Perhaps one of the best stories Mr. Thomas tells is at the expense of the Australians, who were not, as all the world knows, particularly fond of discipline. General Birdwood found a sentry taking things very comfortably. "Who are you?" asked the general. "I'm a bit of a sentry," said Tommy. "Who are you?" "I'm a bit of a general," said Birdwood. "Wait till I get my rifle," said the sentry, "and I'll give you a bit of a salute."

Mr. Thomas should tell his story in every town, for the message of it is that the story of the world is ever new, and every morning sees the opening of some new thrilling page.

EXPLORER'S STORIES OF IMAGINARY LANDS AND ISLANDS RISING FROM ICE

We are slowly solving in the Arctic a problem similar to that which Captain Cook solved in the Antarctic. He set out to find a southern continent in the Southern Seas, but proved that no such land exists.

Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, at the head of a splendid Canadian survey expedition, has been probing the white-sheeted North for the same purpose, and with the same result. He has completed a magnificent series of explorations north of the Arctic Circle, but has found no new continent.

He is too careful a man to say that undiscovered land masses do not exist, for the polar basin covers a million square miles, an area far beyond the powers of one expedition to cover. His discoveries are, on the whole, a little disappointing, yet they are valuable.

It is important, for example, to know that the fabled Crockerland does not exist, that this supposed territory was only ice, or patches of mists which deceived the eyes of earlier mariners. It is of value, also, to learn that the supposed King Christian Island is not a huge land mass, but merely a series of small islands.

But Stefansson has three large islands among his discoveries and several small ones. The largest he has called First New Island, Second New Island, and Third New Island, names for which map-makers will not thank him when the news of them is old. It is not certain that these islands are not part of the Canadian Arctic archipelago, but there they are, new to the maps, and specially interesting because all the signs point to their being thrust up from below.

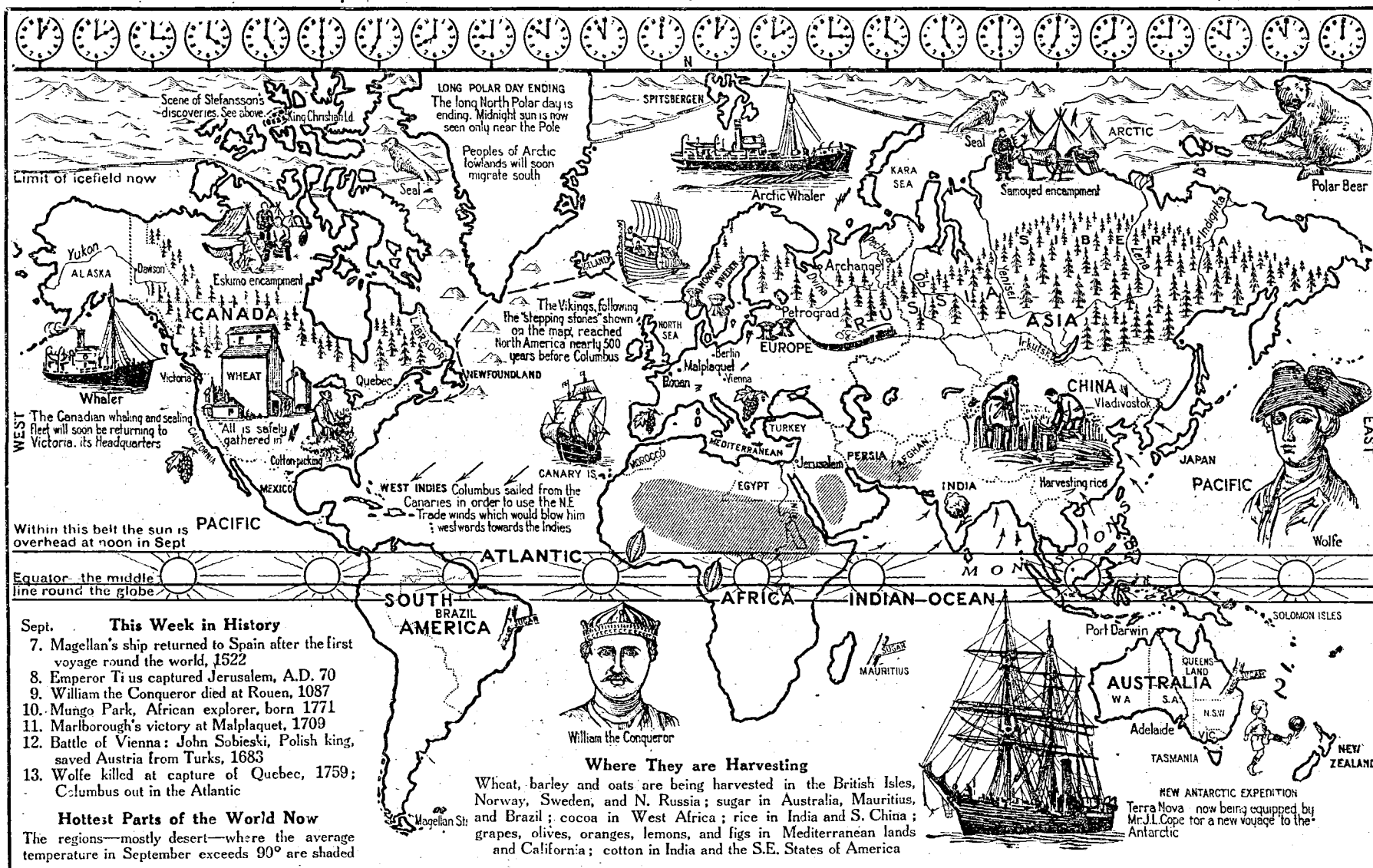
They are rising from the sea. High up their shores are the remains of life which was once below the waters, and ancient drift timber lies high and dry above sea-level, in positions to which it was washed when the islands were lower. If there is a general rising of land in these latitudes, as seems not impossible, archipelagoes would join together to make new dry land, and new bridges might bring strange alterations.

The bulk of Stefansson's discoveries relate to currents, winds, and tides, but there is one startling thing we can all appreciate—the strange magnetic disturbances in various places along the coasts. So strong was this influence at various points that the ship's compass became useless a mile from shore; a deadly matter which might send unsuspecting whalers to their doom.

Four little ships were used by Stefansson, but the largest and best, the Karluk, was lost in a great storm which crushed the ship and dropped her through the shivered ice. But the explorer was not discouraged. He drew supplies as best he could from other sources, and did great work on foot and by sledge.

He lived like an Eskimo, his new islands yielding abundant food. Two of them were clothed with vegetation, and supported reindeer and other forms of Arctic life. The third teemed with wild geese.

But the hazard of such a life! They expected to find food on Banks Island, which no white man had visited since 1853, but not one of the herds of musk-oxen which were there then now survive. The Eskimos seem to have killed them.



SEE THE CONQUERORS COME—A GREAT WEEK OF WORLD CONQUEST ON THE WORLD MAP

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR was sixty years old when he died from injuries suffered through his horse plunging violently when passing over some hot ashes outside a besieged town.

It was an unusual end for the romantic life of an able and masterful king. From his boyhood, when his father died and named him as the reigning Duke of Normandy, William was a bold warrior. An ambitious man in a fighting age, he was always surrounded by quarrels, but he put his enemies under his feet, and then ruled them in a spirit of moderation.

We English are inclined to judge him as a conquering alien; but he was of our northern breed, and he introduced into England thoughts, habits, and an ideal of conduct that were needed by men of the sluggish and satisfied Saxon strain. If, when he conquered England, William took the lands of the Saxon earls, he spared the lives of his enemies. His nephew, Waltheof, was the only Englishman he executed, and he condemned him only after repeated acts of treason. He takes a place in the

half-dozen most competent kings who have ever ruled England.

WHEN General James Wolfe, commanding the British army that was attacking the French in Canada, exclaimed "Thank God; I die in peace," on hearing the cry, "They run," he was only 32; yet he was the most distinguished English soldier of his time. He had been an officer from 14.

The eye of Pitt, the great British Imperialist, as he started Empire-building, singled out young Wolfe as the man he needed, so he raised him to the rank of a general and sent him to take Canada. With fine gallantry he seized Quebec, the key to Canada, but died in the hour of victory.

The capture of Quebec marked a turning point in British history. From that time forward, following the battle of Plassey in India two years earlier, our country was committed to a great overseas empire in both hemispheres.

Wolfe won his victory by sheer daring, his men climbing a cliff supposed to be unscaleable, and surprising the French by an attack on their rear. The British had to reach the cliff by

boat, and as they moved noiselessly on their journey, their general read Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," then newly published, and said he would rather be the writer of that poem than conqueror of Quebec. But his fame as founder of British Canada is secure.

IT is 397 years since the first vessel that ever sailed round the world reached Europe safely.

The man who went out in command of it was Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese, who had thrown off his allegiance to Portugal and was serving Spain.

Magellan had had an adventurous life as a Portuguese soldier, and as a sailor to the East Indies. He was convinced that the East Indies might be reached by the south of South America and the Pacific Ocean, and he set out to test it with five ships, containing about 280 men. Four years later one ship, the Victoria, returned, with 31 men under Sebastian del Cano. Another ship arrived later, and the rest perished or were dispersed.

Magellan himself was killed in one of the Philippine Islands during a fight

with the natives, but by far the greater part of the credit for this first tour round the world was due to him. The strait he passed through, between Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, is named after him.

He also named the greatest ocean in the world, the Pacific, which he so called because of its kindly treatment of him during the 98 days which passed while he was sailing across its lonely waters and sighting only two little islands.

THE capture of Jerusalem by Titus seems to be like thunder in the air through a considerable part of the New Testament. Warnings of what was likely to happen if the Jews did not behave differently were frequent. At last a Roman Emperor sent his son Titus to take the city.

It had been taken before often, and three times has been utterly destroyed. Titus sent many Jews to Rome as captives, and they were employed, to the number of 12,000, it is said, in building the Coliseum there. It was ten years a-building, and is a lasting witness to Jewish servitude between forty and fifty years after the Crucifixion.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 6 1919

Holidays

The holidays are with us in full swing. For some of us they are over; others will be sorry those happy days are hurrying past; but for all it is a time to think what holidaying should mean.

Anybody, young or old, who thinks of holidays chiefly as a time when there is very little work and plenty of play is missing some of the best parts of its enjoyment.

It is largely a playtime, of course, but it should be a playtime that takes us into fresh ways of play, and gives us the briskness of change for a while.

Whether we stay at home through our holiday weeks, or go to the seaside or the country, the thing we should keep first in mind, if we want to have a really good holiday, is to use it for travels in a spirit of adventure.

So marvellous is this earth, and so delightful are the characters of men and women, and their different ways of spending their lives, and working and thinking and forming habits, that every mile of ground is an enchanted land if we know how to look at it.

Our holidays give us a chance of practising ourselves as travellers, using our eyes, finding out reasons why things happen, how they are done, and by what ways they came to be what they are; and we can do this just as well near home as far away, though, of course, a change of air and scene, with novelties around us, is brighter still.

Play we must, of course—play anywhere—but with our play we should be using our eyes and thinking of what we see, and so be gathering for ourselves the practical knowledge which only comes to us second-hand through teachers or books.

When the men of the American Army on the Rhine are given a holiday in France, they are told to enjoy themselves, but also to take a note-book and jot down anything they see worth remembering, or that is likely to be useful at some time; and the spirit of that recommendation holds good for holiday-makers everywhere. We should open our eyes and ears to all that is good.

And then every holiday should be a natural training in care for others, that they also may find rest and change. For parents, the too-short summer holidays are often like the rest of a tired bird on a ship's rigging as it flies across the wide sea; they are snatching a brief respite from care and trying to forget the long strain of regular duty. And, that being so, boys and girls should determine that, whoever else fails to enjoy the holiday, it shall not be father and mother.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Not Fit for Pigs

THE Town Council at Gillingham, in Kent, has decided to put off the destruction of a number of houses which the Medical Officer has condemned as being unfit for pigs. They are to stand for six months longer. But we hope somebody will see that the poor pigs are not put into them.

Proverb of the Day



To Every One of Us:
Sweep Before Your Own Door

Tape

THE Government is offering over a million yards of tape for sale. We are told that it is fireproof, we are told exactly how much of it there is, but we are not told its colour. Can it possibly be that it is red? The greatest Government in England will be the Government that sells all its red tape and gets on with its work.

Our Compliments

to the engineering firm at Lincoln which was telegraphed to, telephoned to, and written to, for a small part of an engine urgently needed to give water to a lonely house, and has just sent it *four months after!*

Simple

It will be a great day when the world arrives at the stage at which every man can believe everyone. There is said to be a regiment fighting against the Bolsheviks under a rough diamond of a general in which this happy state of things prevails. The general is called "Daddy" by all his men, but he is so honest and stern that he despises a traitor, and will hang him in public. This is what is said to have happened on one of these occasions:

One day a man condemned to death cried out:

"Daddy, daddy, I'm not making any fuss, but I want you to know that you are hanging an innocent man."

Daddy went close and looked into the fellow's eyes.

"Are you innocent?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the other.

"Do you swear it?"

"Yes, yes; I swear it."

"Good," said Daddy. "I pardon you. You shall be my personal servant."

And the two went off together through the cheering crowd.

What a lot of trouble it would save the world if everything were so simple!

Month of my heart, September bland,
When radiant summer breathed her last,
She placed a sceptre in thy hand,
Her robe around thee cast;
That sceptre soon will broken be,
That bright robe cease to cover thee,
For God the wide earth made—
A scroll inscribed with this decree:
The loveliest things must fade.

Caught!

EVEN an editor is only human, and the Editor of the Children's Newspaper has been very neatly caught by a little man at Stroud, who takes these words from our leading article on White Horse and Red Baton:

And then an admiral—a man whom Nelson, looking down, were he not made of stone, would clap his hands to see. Sir Doveton Sturdee comes. It seems quite natural to write that on a busy morning when you have fifty other things to do, but our little man of Stroud points out that Nelson could not clap his hands because he had only one hand, and he hopes we do not mind. We do not; he shall have half-a-crown for finding us out so neatly.

Never let mistakes discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we were wrong.

The Great Deeds of Peace

THE great deeds of war would fill a book; the great deeds of peace would fill a library.

Robert Freeman was a miner. He was busy in the mine helping England to get to work again and bringing up all the coal he could, and one day the roof fell in and imprisoned him. He was buried up to the neck when some of his mates came to help him, but Freeman knew the danger and warned them to keep away and save themselves, and almost at once 150 tons of coal fell on the top of him, and he was taken and his mates were left.

His name is not in the London Gazette, but he was one of England's heroes, made of the very stuff of greatness, and in his mine and in his village he will not be forgotten.

Tip-Cat

THE Government has plenty of building schemes but no bricks. Perhaps we shall be able to use wood blocks when the Housing Committee have put their heads together.

A leading article: The towing rope.

A farmer declares it is impossible to keep accurate accounts in agriculture. Our farmers always seem to have such bad summers.

A master of deportment: The lord of the manor.

Home for authors: The Chapter House.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
Why the North Downs
are so high up

Somebody points out that Government offices, even before the war, had "a fair inkling of woman's capacity." Pen and inkling capacity.

A silent orchestra: The india-rubber band.

Mr. Lansbury would like to see the "Press more questioning," yet he complains that it has a lot to answer for.

Why did the moon-beam? Because it saw the sun-flower.

"We are still confronted with grave problems," somebody says. That is because we have not buried the hatchet.

SOCIETY NEWS

Gathered Among the Butterflies

The Purple Emperor and Queen of Spain have been much together of late.

The Alderman Butterfly has been seen in the King's garden wearing a Royal Mantle. The Camberwell Beauty was in the Park; she had on a Coronet and some Beautiful Brocade.

There was quite a nautical gathering at Brighton. We saw a White Admiral and a Red Admiral, and a Dingy Skipper and a Grizzled Skipper not far away.

There was a Belted Beauty in a lane in Yorkshire, wearing a Light Brocade; and her Lackey, the Pigmy Footman, was leading a Brindled Pug.

The Old Lady Moth with the Ringlet has a Long Cloak trimmed with a Lace Border. She has always a Small Tabby with her.



A Nursery Invasion from Japan

It is said that the clever Japanese are to make our toys now that Germany has lost the market

The Clock that Would Not Go

THERE are some clever boys in England; but how simple things are, after all, to clever boys!

In one of the homes where this paper goes the old clock had been going as long as anybody could remember, but six months ago it stopped. Father tinkered with it, and it seemed to struggle hard; he tinkered with it again, and it would go for a day or two; but in the end it stopped again, and they gave it up, thinking the clock worn out.

Then the clever boy of the family took the clock in hand. He took it to pieces and reconstructed it, but the old clock would not move. Then he took the inside out, put it bodily into a saucepan filled with soda-water, and boiled it, and ever since the clock has kept perfect time.

So that now in that household they roast their chickens and boil their clocks.

A Child's Prayer for Home

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say.

O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year;
And oh, preserve my father, too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy.
My sisters and my brothers both
From evil guard, and save from sloth.

And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day. Amen.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

GNATS HOAX A FIRE BRIGADE CATHEDRAL THOUGHT TO BE ON FIRE

Mystery of a Myriad Insects ODD WORCESTERSHIRE STORY

A singular experience has befallen hundreds of people in Birmingham, who were fortunate in witnessing a rare phenomenon of Nature.

Late one evening, while many people were leaving a public park, several tall trees were observed to be overhung with what appeared to be heavy clouds of smoke. The curiosity of hundreds of people was aroused, and they gathered to witness the strange spectacle. It was thought at first that the trees were on fire, but investigation proved that this was not the case. The clouds were merely myriads of gnats!

A similar phenomenon—which actually led to the turn-out of the fire-brigade—occurred at Worcester some weeks ago. This time the clouds were seen above the cathedral tower, and it was thought that the building was on fire, but the gnats had hoaxed the brigade.

Immense Cloud of Gnats

What is the explanation of these great gnat swarms? There have been other cases of these countless hosts stirring up fears of fire. The people of Salisbury never had a greater fear for their treasured cathedral than when its spire was seen to be clouded as in smoke, though happily the smoke proved to be gnats. One such swarm was found to be three-quarters of a mile long, 20 feet high, and 18 inches thick. How is this natural wonder to be explained?

Last year's shortage of insect-eating birds gave billions of these gnats the chance to live and multiply. The scorching weather of May and August this year hastened hatching. Continuous rains between two heat spells caused floods, multiplied pools, and enlarged ponds, and filled water-butts; and all these places have been nurseries exceptionally favourable to gnat life.

Life Tides Rise and Fall

These are obvious influences in the production of swarms, and there may be others. Enormous tides of life rise and fall. We trace them in the seas, in the rivers and on the land; one year for incredible shoals of herrings, another for salmon, another for hares, rabbits, voles, field mice. We see the effects; the causes escape before we are able to notice them. But we are learning, and some day we shall be able to predict gnat-swarms before they come.

A child's battledore may at a blow knock down a hundred gnats, but each gnat is more wonderful than the greatest engine in a Handley Page. The wings of these tiny insects vibrate at the rate of 3000 beats a minute to produce the low note we hear as they fly. But think of the astonishing act of the larva.

Nature's Air Cylinders

The body of the larva is heavier than water, yet the insect hangs itself up in the water, upside down, with its tail and its siphon breathing-tube sticking into the air, breathing in the open, while the head is feeding below.

How is it done? The reason is that water has a film or "skin" on the surface, the film which holds a raindrop together, and makes a soap-bubble taut. The film clings to the up-thrust tail, but would be broken and sink but for a beautiful natural provision.

The tip of the breathing-tube has a series of little flaps. When they open they imprison air, as in a tiny cup, shutting out the water, and so giving just the buoyancy which makes the insect lighter than water. When the flaps close, the air is forced out, the normal specific gravity of the larva is restored, and it sinks like a little stone. Much less costly and far more reliable than the water-tanks and compressed air cylinders of a submarine!

A NEW FRIEND FOR THE BIRDS

A Parliamentary Committee has made suggestions which should make the lives of harassed birds more restful and joyous.

It was high time that something was done, for many beautiful birds that were formerly abundant in Great Britain were being killed off. Now they will have a chance of increasing their numbers, and the delight with which lovers of beauty in form, colour, and movement will watch them.

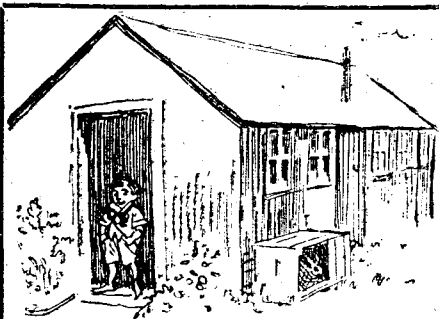
The committee think that an Advisory Committee should be formed in London to watch permanently over the interests of wild birds and make recommendations from time to time. They have drawn up a list of birds that should be protected during the nesting season, and of birds that should never be destroyed. Eggs and nests, as well as the birds themselves, should be protected, they say. Both bird-catchers and bird-dealers should be licensed.

Then, in the royal forests and elsewhere, bird sanctuaries should be provided, where rare birds will have a chance of breeding unmolested, and where no birds will be interfered with except by authorised persons.

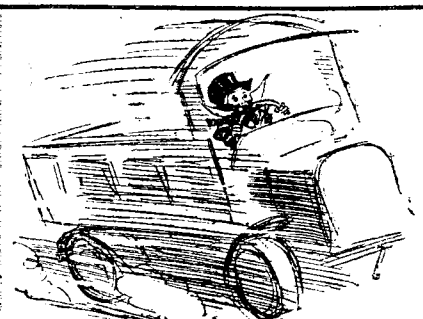
All this is most wise and good, for birds on the whole are exceedingly useful, as well as beautiful, and the people who have been killing them off in the past are chiefly those who are either cruel and like to kill something, or are stupid and do not know which birds to kill to prevent damage to our food supply, or are thoughtless and have never considered how good it is to gain the confidence of these timid, lovely creatures, and how mean it is to use our strength to hurt them.

Caring for birds and animals is a fine beginning to caring in the same kind way for our fellow men.

PETER PUCK AT THE GOVERNMENT SALES



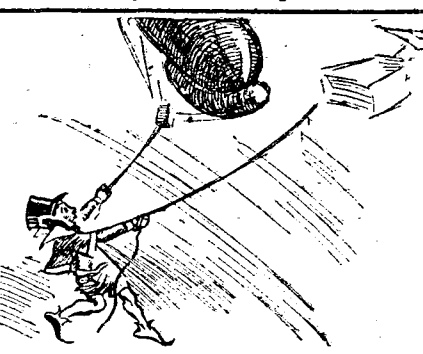
Peter Puck wants to buy an army hut to live in



And an army motor-car to go to school in



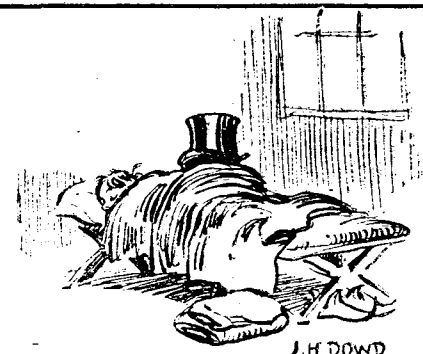
And an army typewriter to do his lessons on



And an army kite and an army balloon



And an army fur coat for winter



And an army camp bed to sleep in

The Government is selling all sorts of war stock no longer needed—tanks, typewriters, huts, and aeroplanes. Peter Puck is longing to get to some of these bargain sales

BANDITS AND AIRMEN Remarkable Adventure in Mexico

Two American airmen flying from the Texas frontier were compelled to land by engine trouble. Before they could escape, some Mexican bandits attacked and captured them and held them to ransom for £3000.

An agent of the bandits waited by the frontier for the money, which was paid by the United States Government. Then American cavalry, with flying scouts, set out to track their trail.

One airman sighted three of the Mexicans, who fired on him, but only made bullet holes in the wings of his machine. The airman was able to shoot one of the bandits, but the rest eluded pursuit for the time, as heavy rains washed away their trail.

"NARROWING" AMERICA New York a Day Nearer San Francisco

New York is now twenty-four hours closer to San Francisco.

This narrowing of the Northern American continent has been produced by the success of the American continuous air-mail service between New York and Chicago. Months have been spent in making landing grounds over the distance of 750 miles.

The mail from New York to Chicago takes only about eight hours to deliver. The result is that letters, sent by air towards the Pacific coast, are now placed on an earlier train in Chicago, and arrive 24 hours sooner than the ordinary express railway service can deliver them. Most of the machines used are De Havillands.

NEW CHANCE FOR AN OLD RACE

Putting Persia on Her Feet Again

WHAT THE NEW BRITISH AGREEMENT MEANS

By Our Political Correspondent

The British Government has made an agreement with Persia by which that ancient central land of the East may have a chance of becoming as prosperous as Egypt has become under good management; but it is not proposed to interfere with Persian independence or to establish a British Protectorate there. Great Britain is only to be an adviser and helper, that Persia may be able to stand firmly on her own feet again.

That is very necessary, for the country is a central tableland surrounded by populations that may easily be disturbed by bad government in Persia, or may be helped to quietness by good government there.

Persia's Need of a Friend

It is quite clear that Persia, once so powerful that she ruled or threatened the whole world, cannot now recover herself. She has fallen into decay, and has not enough natural vitality to make a new start. Before the war she was placed under the oversight of Russia in the North and Great Britain in the South, but it was a clumsy arrangement, for Russia was not really a civilising Power, and Persia had little chance of healthy recovery.

With the fall of Russia, Great Britain was left alone to secure order in Persia, which is partly inhabited by Khurdish hill tribes, who make a business and amusement of raiding the more prosperous lowlands.

The new agreement now made does five important things.

Five Things to be Done

1. It makes clear to all the world that Persia is to be an independent State.

2. But Persia never can be prosperous unless well governed, and British experts will form a sound system of government, and show the people how to work it honestly, smoothly, and well.

Hitherto the men engaged from Europe to assist the Persians have been taken from small countries, with small experience of Eastern life or systems of sound government, and they have made jealousies instead of establishing order.

3. It is agreed that a Persian army sufficient to keep order shall be trained by British officers.

4. We agree to open up the country for trade by railways, and to make roads.

5. We agree to lend Persia two million pounds, payable monthly.

If the practical re-shaping of Persian government is not done in this way it can hardly be done at all, and Persia will lie, as she has been so long, a land largely wasted, a prey to surrounding nations, and a source of danger to them.

Feeling in France

The only drawback to this arrangement is that our neighbours the French are viewing it with suspicion. They think British influence will be so strong in Persia that it will amount to British rule.

It is not that France herself has any special claims on Persia, nor does she fear we should shut her out from Persian trade, for that is not our way, as she well knows. But France, for centuries, has had interests in Syria, and she is tired of waiting for the settlement of the different parts of the Turkish Empire in Asia Minor, and is jealous of Britain settling her responsibilities in Persia before her own regions of interest are settled.

And so France feels herself free to bring to bear on us the pressure of a little jealousy, which really is a pity, seeing how friendly we feel towards her, how free from self-seeking our action with Persia is, and how disturbing Persia might be to us but cannot be to her.

GARDEN TALES

SAD STORY OF A BIRD'S NEST

Dead Mother in Deserted Home

SWALLOWS & A BEE HIVE

Many readers have sent in natural history stories from their experience this year, and we gladly publish some of these.

In my garden this year a pair of happy thrushes built their home. They selected what I thought a bad site, an ivy on the side wall of the house.

Though the nest was well out of reach, the ivy was somewhat thin and straggling, affording no privacy to speak of. Yet the birds, presumably made confident by sundry little attentions from my household in winter, did not seem to mind. They calmly went about their business, and in due course three little ones came.

The parent birds seemed very attentive to their young charges, and the nestlings grew and thrived apace. Then came Easter. Glancing at the nest on the eve of Easter Sunday during the parents' absence, I noticed that the youngsters were fully fledged, and, after witnessing the return of the mother with a worm for supper, I went indoors.

Now comes the tragic part. When I went to take my customary peep at the nest the next morning the mother was sitting on it, apparently asleep. But on closer view I found that she was dead. Nor was that all—the nestlings had disappeared.

There were no traces of her mate; like the nestlings, he, too, had flown. An empty nest and a dead mother were all that remained of what a few hours before had been a happy family.

Casting about in my mind for a probable solution of the mystery I confess myself baffled. Possibly the mother, weakened by over-zeal in brooding her young, had succumbed to heart failure; or perhaps she starved herself that her offspring might have plenty.

Maternal devotion is so wonderful in birds that neither of these surmises is outside the bounds of possibility.

Fly and the Caterpillar

Doris Birdseye writes from Bournemouth:

Walking along a road in Bournemouth I saw fly off a bank of mould at the side of the path a curious sort of insect the size of a small dragon-fly.

On the ground near by lay a dead caterpillar, the length of the fly's body.

Arranging itself lengthwise along the body of the caterpillar, the fly picked up the caterpillar and began to crawl up the steep bank towards a small hole, which was evidently its home.

It tried several times to get in head first, but as the head of the caterpillar protruded a little beyond its own and the hole was rather small it could not get in; so, dropping its load, it turned round and backed into the hole, then took hold of the caterpillar at one end and pulled it in after it!

The Swallows and the Bees

Wilfrid J. Page writes from Bath:

I thought you might like to hear of some birds that have been getting into mischief. My grandfather keeps bees, and the other day, when he went to look at them, he saw a pair of swallows fly out from a loft near by. They swooped down over the beehives and each caught a bee and flew straight back with it to the nest in the loft.

My grandfather saw them catch half-a-dozen bees in not more than two minutes, making a separate journey from and to the nest for each bee. They had already caught about a quarter of a hive, and if my grandfather had not fetched his gun and shot them they would soon have had the whole hive.

Then grandfather poked a stick into the nest, and half-a-dozen vigorous young swallows came out and scrambled off somewhere before he could catch them.

FIRE FROM SPACE

A Puzzle of Wireless

CAN IT SET ABLAZE A BALE OF COTTON ON A SHIP?

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

Often a fire occurs which nobody can account for. Often a good ship leaves port never to be heard of again.

A Frenchman says he thinks that possibly the cause of some of these mysterious disasters is our good friend wireless telegraphy.

That is a very grave charge to make against the wonderful life-saver of the twentieth century, but happily it is not yet proved. The evidence is this.

If a piece of wire is bent in the form of a ring so that there is a tiny space left between the two ends, and if this ring is allowed to pick up wireless waves, a spark will jump across the gap in the wire.

Now let us imagine the case of a ship leaving Boston in America, with a cargo of raw cotton. It is usual to ship cotton in bales bound round with iron hoops, and it is easy to see that if one of the hoops were to break the result would be a metal ring with a little gap in it. Therefore, when the wireless waves from a powerful station pass over the ship it is very likely that a spark will jump across the gap and set light to the cotton.

No Real Danger

So much for the evidence for the prosecution; it sounds very reasonable.

On the other hand it must not be forgotten that the Marconi Company, part of whose business it has been to instal wireless telegraphy on 90 per cent. of the world's shipping and in every corner of the earth, has not been unmindful of the possible dangers which might arise from accidental sparking. The company has fitted wireless on many of the great tank steamers which carry highly-inflammable oil, and they have thoroughly experimented in order to find out whether wireless sparks are likely to cause fires under ordinary working conditions.

The results of these experiments appear to show that there is little or no danger, yet all the same they take every possible precaution when fitting tank ships, screening with metal gauze every possible place where sparking occurs.

On one occasion, in order to find out whether there was any danger of fires being started by wireless, they deliberately tried to set fire to some gun-cotton by making strong sparks near it. It was all in vain, however, and the conclusion seems to be that there is not anything like sufficient proof that wireless causes fire. The chief argument in defence of wireless is that the sparks it will cause at a distance are what are called "cold" sparks, possessing very little power of heating.

AEROPLANE BEATS THE TELEGRAPH

The Airco machine, running between Paris and London, now covers the 250 miles at a routine speed of about 112 miles an hour, and the extraordinary result is obtained that under present conditions it is often quicker to send a message from Paris to London by aeroplane than to cable it.

THE POOR HEDGEHOG

The hedgehog is one of the least intelligent of animals. At Reading one of them ran across a tennis court, and having pushed its head through the netting, pushed away until it was strangled.

It was what a hedgehog would do, for it belongs to a low order of animal intelligence preserved through the ages only by a prickly skin.

A TREE DISCOVERY

Two trees have lately been discovered of which the wood has the curious property of giving a luminous colour effect to water. One of the trees is found in Mexico, the other in the Philippines.

CUCKOO & ITS EGG

Carrying it to a Small Nest

THE BIRD THAT FAILED

It has been explained in these columns that the use of other birds' nests by cuckoos is the outcome of degeneration, of a failure of parental instinct among the birds. That failure of instinct has, however, led to the development of other instincts, so that an adult cuckoo invariably chooses for laying its egg the nest of the actual species of bird in whose nest its own birth takes place.

That demands another step. A cuckoo, visiting the home of a large bird, can lay its egg easily in the nest, but in the case of a small nest, the egg must be laid on the ground and carried to the nest for hatching.

We have over 80 species of birds victimised by the cuckoo, and the cuckoos are in two groups—those laying the eggs in the nest, and those carrying them to the nest when they are laid. Now an observer writes to the scientific journal "Nature" concerning this newer instinct of carrying eggs.

The Egg that Broke

He bases his suggestion on his observation of a cuckoo which was trying to reach the nest of a pied wagtail, built under the tiles of a cow-house. There were two entrances to the nest, and the intruder sought to enter in order to lay her egg in it. Neither hole was large enough to admit her, and after struggling in vain the cuckoo flew away to a tree and rested for a minute, then returning more ardent than ever.

Again and again she tried, with growing determination, clinging to the entrance of the hole, turning on her side to force or scratch a way in, like a terrier thrusting itself down a narrow rabbit-hole. For forty minutes the struggle lasted, the bird becoming increasingly excited, till suddenly the egg appeared and crashed to the ground, when she flew away, apparently without concern.

What the Bird Should Have Done

Now this bird must have been one of Nature's failures, a bird in which stupidity replaced the mysterious cunning of the cuckoo tribe. Either she should have laid her egg in an open nest, or have taken it up in her bill and popped it in. Such a bird, if she always behaved in this way, could never leave young cuckoos to succeed her, and if all female cuckoos acted like her for one or two seasons our British cuckoos would become extinct.

But they do not. A wiser cuckoo tracked down two little birds which had invaded a conservatory and made their snuggery in a flowerpot guarded by trellis work. She found the nest, and, though the openings in the woodwork were barely large enough to admit her head, she carried her egg into the neat nursery behind them, and in due season a baby cuckoo was the lord of the plantpot.

JACK CORNWELL'S PROMISE

Little Jack Cornwell had promised his little sister a piano when he came home from the war, but he fell before the German guns, and he couldn't keep his word. Now his word has been kept for him by Mr. T. C. MacCormack, of Northampton, who wrote a small booklet about Jack Cornwell, and has bought Lily Cornwell a piano with the profits it has made.

THE KING'S DOG

Even kings must keep the law. When the king was arranging to visit Balmoral he wanted to take his favourite dog with him, but he found from the Board of Agriculture that a licence could only be granted if the dog were kept in quarantine for six months. So doggie stayed at home.

GREAT BLAZE IN THE HEAVENS

Bright Star's New Neighbour

LIGHT THAT COMES AND GOES

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

About nine o'clock in the evening of these early weeks of September there is a very bright star almost overhead which for nearly a thousand years has been called Altair, the "Soaring Eagle."

It is the greatest star in the constellation of Aquila, and is one of those white suns which are younger than that which lights up our solar system. As stars go, it is not so very far away; its light takes no more than 14 years to travel to our eyes, so that if it were by some marvel to be suddenly put out at this moment we should miss it in 1933.

Perhaps one might say that except for its steady brightness—like that of an arc lamp in the skies—the most noteworthy fact of Altair is its nearness.

Birth of a Neighbour

But last year the fame which it derives from being the brightest plume in the Eagle's wing was entirely cast into the shade by the most unexpected thing that can happen in the skies—the sudden birth of a neighbour.

On June 8, 1918, Miss Grace Cook, of Stowmarket, saw in the same constellation as Altair another star as bright and of the same whiteness. Several other astronomers saw it a little later that night or early next morning. One of them, going home from his nightly vigil at Greenwich Observatory, was puzzled by it, and shortly returned to make quite sure that he had not been mistaken, and that Altair was in its rightful place.

Perhaps he was reminded of that story told by Sir Robert Ball, who, on returning home one night from Cambridge Observatory, where he had been observing another new star, then known as the new star Perseus, stopped a policeman to point out to him the marvellous new-comer to the skies. And the policeman, duly impressed, said soothingly: "All right, Sir Robert, I'll keep my eye on it!"

Light that Failed

By June 9 astronomers all over the world had heard of the new star, and were keeping their eye on it, and they have been doing so ever since.

But they now need the help of a telescope, for the new star was of very transient brightness. When it burst forth it was as bright as Altair. In 24 hours it was brighter than Altair, and as bright as Vega, the fourth brightest star in the skies. Then it began to fade with extraordinary swiftness, so that by the late autumn it was only just visible to good eyes.

Needless to say, the astronomers did not lose sight of it, but examined it with every instrument they could command, and they are discussing it still. Perhaps the most curious thing they have found about it is that it is very like the new star in Perseus, which first appeared in 1901. Shortly after this star shone forth it seemed to have moved, but even had the star moved the movement could not have been perceived by us.

A Sky Mystery

What was really happening was that its blaze was lighting up some filmy material which was near it, lighter than the lightest gas entirely surrounding it, and it was the progress of this lighting-up that we could see.

Consequently astronomers have got some sort of an idea of what happened when the new star in Perseus, or last year's new star in the Eagle, was born. The idea is that a mass of gaseous material in the skies becomes electrified, and blazes up as if touched off with an electric switch. But why it dies down again, and whether it can ever be lighted again, we do not know.

SINGING MOTHS AND SILENT SWALLOWS

The Butterfly Aristocrat

INSIDE A ROSE GALL

By Our Country Correspondent

The Camberwell beauty is the aristocrat of our British butterflies. Others are more gaudy, but this, with its rich velvety wings of chocolate, blue spots on a broad black band, and broad white margins, has a dignity and stateliness that other British butterflies lack.

British-born Camberwell beauties are rare now, but on any fine September morning, when a south wind has been blowing, we may come across one that has been blown over from the Continent.

It will usually be found sunning itself on a tree and feeding upon the evil-smelling liquid that oozes from the trunk where the goat moth caterpillar has been. In these Continental specimens the margin is cream or yellow instead of white.

Caterpillars That Chirp

The vapourer and red underwing moths may both be found now, and there is no better time of the year to hunt for caterpillars of the hawk moths. They are really most striking creatures and the largest and most interesting of all is that of the death's head moth.

It is frequently found upon potato and tomato plants, and is very beautiful, with its bright yellowish-green smooth skin, sprinkled with tiny blue-black dots, and with slanting purplish-blue stripes on each side. At the tail end is a very conspicuous horn with a double curl like a bull-dog's tail.

We all know that the death's head moth squeaks like a mouse, and scientists think that the sound is caused by the passing of air from a bladder inside through a small groove near the proboscis. What is less generally known is that the chrysalis also squeaks, while the caterpillar chirps loudly if disturbed. The sound is made by the friction of the jaws.

The Funnel-Web Spider

That compact tangle of spider's web that you so often see in the hedge or thicket, with a kind of funnel running down at one end, is the lair of the funnel-web spider. The creature is brown, with a pale herring-bone pattern on its back, and the funnel it makes has a wide opening, and then narrows down to quite a small tube leading to several chambers, where it waits for its prey.

Those mossy-green, fuzzy-looking growths that are so common just now on wild rose bushes and sweet briars are really caused by a little insect, the rose gall wasp, a creature smaller than the common housefly.

The female lays her eggs in the shoots of rose or briar, and in some way not understood the curious growth of the twig occurs. It is soft and fluffy outside, but inside it is woody, and if you cut one open you will see a number of cells containing grubs that will later become winged insects. The growths are called rose-galls or bedeguars, and by country children robin's pincushions.

Little Acrobats

The swallows are now gradually stopping their songs, though the great titmouse has started again. If in a well-wooded district you hear a sharp tapping as though a very energetic man were hammering rapidly, you may be pretty certain that you are near the haunt of a nuthatch. This little climber, about the size of a sparrow, is worth watching, and if you are fortunate you will see it fix a nut in a crevice of the bark and then hammer away until it breaks the shell and extracts the kernel. It is quite an acrobat, climbing all over the tree trunk and never minding whether it goes head up or down.

The hedges are now gay with scarlet hips and haws, the fruits of the wild rose and hawthorn. Elderberries are ripe, and the dog-rose is casting its leaves—all reminders that autumn is here. C. R.

LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE GREAT WAR

Millions of children in Europe and Asia Minor are starving to death.

They are not only "enemy" children; the children of some of the smaller friendly powers and the new nations of Central Europe live under the same shadow of starvation until the spectre claims their little lives. The horrors of war were bad enough for the children; hunger is even worse.

The British Government has offered to add £1 to every £1, a shilling to every shilling, a penny to every penny that is collected in this country and spent on food to send to these starving little ones and their parents, up to a total of £200,000. If people in this land, where we can again buy cakes and chocolates to our heart's content, are generous enough to give the full £200,000, one meal a day will be provided for 400,000 hungry children.

One meal a day! Yes, that is all, and many of the children have to exist

on far less than that. Thin, watery soup, containing nothing but a piece of potato, is the day's meal in many places, and in others children are living on stewed grasses from the fields. Milk is a luxury almost unknown.

Many families in Bohemia have sold everything in order to buy what food can be obtained to keep them alive. Then there is not nearly enough clothing to go round. In Montenegro people are forced to clothe themselves in sack-ing, and even of this there is so little that when a child goes to get the rations from the Red Cross it has to borrow pieces of sack to keep it warm.

Shall not we, who have come through the war in safety, do what we can to help those who are still suffering horrors hardly less than those of the battle-field? All help should be sent to the Save the Children Fund, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

THE CAT THAT FALLS ON ITS FEET

A good deal of natural history has found its way into everyday speech.

We say that a shy person draws into his shell, which may refer to the snail that pulls in its horns and head when molested, or to the tortoise that retracts head and feet and tail under the shelter of the strong carapace.

We say of another that he has begun to show his horns, which may refer to the snail again, but more probably to a calf with the horns budding out on its forehead.

We say that two people lead a cat-and-dog life together, which needs no explanation; but who knows what we mean when we say that it is "raining cats and dogs"? That is not our story now, however, for we wish to say something just now about the phrase "falling on his feet."

The proper use of this phrase is not simply in reference to one who has a piece of good fortune, but to one who

comes out well when the chances were all the other way. When everything pointed to a bad tumble he "fell on his feet." Now it is possible that this may refer to the knack some people have of falling lightly. Two people have a spill when cycling; one falls clumsily on his face; another, with his body in better control, falls cleverly on his feet.

But is it not likely that the phrase refers to the well-known natural history fact that a cat falling from a height always falls on its feet? Unless it be blind or deaf it always rights itself during its fall, and lights on its spring-like legs. The power of doing this dates, no doubt, from the time when the cat was a wild animal, much given to various kinds of gymnastics; it is now as much part and parcel of the cat's hereditary make-up as drawing our finger off a hot bar is of ours. In short, it is what is called a "reflex"; it requires neither will nor reflection.

Notes to My Nieces

BY AN AUNT

5. The Sunshiny Girl

The Sunshiny Girl is an ideal to aim at. She has no name, because she is not fond of being publicly praised. You don't care a bit if she is clever or not; you don't mind whether she adds to the gaiety of your party by her wit or not.

It does not matter whether she can play Dick's accompaniments or sing after Dorothy. She may be a good housekeeper later on—and she may only try to be. All you care about is that she is *there* when you want her.

Why are you so keen for her to come to your party? Because her presence is just like the difference between a fine day and a dull day. *She radiates sunshine.*

Sympathy and Tact

There is a mental as well as a physical atmosphere. We all know it. We realise all sorts of atmospheres—the air of restraint, and the icy winds of condemnation or the cold air of disapproval, the heat of anger, and the biting east wind of criticism, and we all like the sunshine best.

It is the Sunshiny Girl's little kindnesses that make us love her. It is her interest, and her little happy knack of making people comfortable by some tactful remark, that set our minds in tune again when other people have filled them with discords.

Children love the Sunshiny Girl. They want her to play with them and tell them some of the delightful stories she makes up before you can do more than say "Do tell us another."

Girls of her own age love her because she knows how to listen as well as talk. She is always ready to lend her things and to give her sympathy.

Grown-up people love her, because she does not scoff at middle age, and she treats old age with tenderness.

A General Favourite

Boys adore her because she does not laugh at their awkward shyness (boys are far more sensitive than girls ever think), and she somehow makes them feel that it won't be very long before they are *men*.

The Sunshiny Girl is, in short, as near perfection as a girl can be.

Her friends think her a real sport, and her mother gives a sigh of relief when she comes into the room. As to Daddie, well, I heard him only the other day talking to my own little sunshiny niece.

"Where's my sunshine?" he called out, as he came home tired, out from the office on a very wet evening. "Ah, here you are," he said, as she came in with his letters and a glass of ice-cold lemonade. The look on dad's face when he took his letters and his lemonade, and pulled his daughter up and kissed her, was enough to make *anyone* want to be a Sunshiny Girl. Aunt Rosalie

WHAT TO DO WITH WHIPPETS

Scores and scores of spry little whippet tanks, that will swivel round on their own axis as they stand, are being demobilised by the war, and people are asking what can be done with them.

The French have a capital answer. They suggest that the whippets are just what is needed for climbing up steep winding mountain roads to the hotels perched aloft.

The whippet has many advantages for such work. It does not feel fatigue, or know fear, and it can twist round awkward corners with scarcely any turning room.

THE BETTER WAY

It has been usual to christen a ship with a bottle of wine at the launching, but since America sent alcohol about its proper business, and ceased to drink it, ships are being christened with a bottle of oil. The new ship Tulsa has just been christened in this way at Oklahoma. There is sense in christening a ship with oil, the source of power; there is none in christening it with wine.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Hoe and thin spinach and turnips if not already done. The winter crop of spinach should be sown now. Plant parsley in frames for winter use. A small sowing of radishes may be made for a late supply.

Push on with the propagation of pelargoniums, heliotrope, celeus, alternanthera, iresene, ageratum and other plants that are required for bedding. Roman hyacinths, narcissuses and tulips should be potted and plunged in ashes.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, September 7.

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	6.22 a.m.	6.25 a.m.	6.30 a.m.
Sunset ..	7.34 p.m.	7.29 p.m.	7.22 p.m.
Moonrise ..	5.53 p.m.	6.48 p.m.	8.4 p.m.
Moonset ..	4.15 a.m.	6.48 a.m.	10.48 a.m.
High tide ..	12.52 p.m.	2.19 p.m.	4.8 p.m.
Moonset ..	Black figures indicate next day.		

Next
Week's
Moon



Other Worlds. There are now no planets visible in the evening sky. Venus is now coming between us and the sun, and on September 13 next will pass us in the great race round the sun. This is why we cannot see her, the bright side being to the sun and the dark side to us, except for a very thin crescent.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le billet Les briques Le facteur



Le puits L'épingle Le seau

On prend un billet pour aller en chemin de fer.

Il faut des briques pour bâtir une maison.

Le facteur transporte les bagages.

L'eau du puits est toujours fraîche.

Les épingles ne coûtent pas cher.

On transporte l'eau dans un seau.

LE CHIEN ENRAGÉ

Un garde forestier travaillait un jour dans son jardin, lorsqu'il remarqua tout à coup un chien qui s'efforçait de passer à travers la haie. Le garde reconnut à certains signes que le chien était enragé.

En trois bonds il regagna sa chaumière, mais le chien y pénétra en même temps que lui. Le garde se jeta sur son lit et s'enroula dans les couvertures.

Le chien planta ses crocs dans ce ballot vivant. Alors le garde eut une idée: il déroula subitement les couvertures, les jeta sur le chien, et, saisissant un fusil, il fit feu à bout portant sur l'animal qui fut tué net.

Song with Music Next Week



MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

CHAPTER 61

At the Last Gasp

Some hours had passed. The air was much clearer, and the volcano was certainly quieting down. But in the stronger light the look of the island was more desolate and dreadful than ever.

Martin and Scipio had got the Professor back into the cave, then had climbed the mountain to the very source of the brook. There was no brook any longer. Not a drop of water was left, while the fierce heat of the eruption had so entirely destroyed the snow-cap of the mountain that, even if they had climbed the precipices, they could not have got any ice to melt down.

As for the galley, she had disappeared over the horizon. Her people had done their best to get through, but no ship that ever floated could have pierced the great barrier of weed. Without the plane Lost Island was as completely shut off from Lemuria as if it had been on the other side of the world.

Martin and Scipio were both suffering tortures from thirst. They had saved the little drop of water left for the Professor. Unless it rained—and that seemed very unlikely—they were doomed to die the most horrible of deaths.

Coming back to the cave after their fruitless climb, Scipio was very down in the mouth.

"It ain't so much about myself I'm worrying, Marse Martin," he said; "it's de Professor what I got on my mind. Yo' see, I always done cooked for him nicely, but now I can't cook no more 'cos dere ain't no water to cook with."

"We mustn't give up," answered Martin. "The Lemurians will do all they know to get through the weed. The priest is a clever man, and he won't leave us to die if he can help it."

"Den oughtn't we to hab a watch out?" suggested Scipio.

"You're right, Scipio. We ought. You wait outside and I'll relieve you when I've seen the Professor."

Scipio nodded. Martin went into the cave. He found the Professor in the ruins of the workshop.

"I am trying to build a still," he said feebly. "Then we could distil some sea water. The worst of it is I have no copper piping. Also, most of my tools are buried."

"I'll help," said Martin hoarsely. His throat was so dry he could hardly speak, and he felt dreadfully ill. Personally, he hardly believed he could last till morning.

But he stuck to it pluckily, and by the light of an oil lamp the two worked desperately among the dust and ruins.

At last the Professor threw up his hands.

"It is useless," he said sadly. "We can do nothing. Martin, I fear that this is the end."

He staggered suddenly, and Martin caught him as he sank down fainting on the stone floor.

"He's right. This is the end," muttered Martin bitterly. "If I could only have paid off those creditors of father's I shouldn't have minded so much. It does seem hard luck, with all that gold waiting for me on the other island."

Quite worn out, he dropped down beside the insensible body of the Professor.

"Boss! Boss! Marse Martin!"

It was Scipio who came flying in from outside. His eyeballs were rolling horribly, and he was looking fearfully excited.

"What is it?" asked Martin, getting up. "What's the matter?"

"Matter is dat de submarine's came back," shouted Scipio.

Martin looked at him.

"You're crazy," he said.

"Crazy! I ain't crazy. I swar to goodness I ain't. It's de trufe I'm telling. De submarine's back hyar in de harbour. I seed Cap'n Krieger standing up on her deck."

"But she was sunk years ago," argued Martin.

"Can't help dat, sah. She's floating all right dis berry minute. Yo' come and see for yo'self."

A thrill of excitement roused Martin. Seizing a lamp, he sprang up, and ran stumbling out of the place. And there, rising out of the dark, scummy water, was the long, narrow deck of a submarine surmounted by a conning tower. The hatch was open, and on the tower stood a square, burly-looking, clean-shaven man whom Martin recognised instantly from his photograph as the Professor's old Danish friend and partner, Captain Krieger.

"What did I tell yo', Marse Martin?" came Scipio's triumphant voice from behind.

Martin stood staring dazedly at Captain Krieger. He realised that Krieger was calling to Scipio, but could not hear what he said. Queer black specks danced before his eyes. Suddenly his knees folded up, all the strength went out of him, and he slipped quietly down on the dust-covered rock.

CHAPTER 62

Captain Krieger's Story

"It seems like a miracle, Krieger. Even now I can hardly believe my senses."

The voice which came faintly to Martin's ears was that of the Professor. Slowly the boy opened his eyes, and the first thing he knew was that he was lying in a comfortable bunk in a cabin, that the Professor was opposite in another bunk, and that close by sat Captain Krieger in a canvas chair. The place was lit by electric light, and by the low, deep hum of the electric motors Martin knew they were under weigh travelling submerged.

Martin himself felt very comfortable. All that horrid, rasping dryness was gone from his throat and mouth, but he was limp and drowsy, and disinclined to move. He lay quiet and listened.

"It's a long story, Distin," answered Krieger. "I don't wonder you thought the Saga was lost. As a matter of fact, she nearly was on more than one occasion. We were once in a minefield for twenty-four hours, and how we got out safely I hardly know to this day. But I reached Copenhagen safely, and finding that my country remained neutral, I went to England and offered my services. The Admiralty accepted me, and I fancy I did my part in helping to crush that wolf pack that was ravaging Europe."

"But why did you not return as soon as the Armistice was signed?" inquired the Professor.

"I had been ill. It was in an air raid. A bomb fell close to me, and though I was not much hurt the shock upset me completely. For the time I lost my memory altogether. It was only in March last that I recovered, and then I tried to get you by wireless, but could not hit your wave length. I returned to Denmark, but found the Saga in very bad condition, and it was most difficult to get repairs effected. Besides, to tell you the truth, I had not much money left."

"It took months to get the work done, and even now she is none too seaworthy. It was all we could do to make the trip under the weed."

"But you did it," said the Professor gratefully. "You did it, and arrived in the very nick of time. Although the eruption was practically over, we could hardly have survived another twenty-four hours. We had finished our last drop of water."

"I am thankful indeed that we were in time," replied the captain gravely. He paused.

"This young Vaile," he went on—"he seems to have done his best for you."

"He is one in a thousand," declared the Professor. "The staunchest youngster I ever met. I love him as my own son."

Martin turned over.

"Hulloa, Professor!" he said. Professor Distin sat up in his bunk.

"My dear lad, how are you?" he asked.

"First rate, thanks," answered Martin. "I was an awful duffer to collapse like that."

"H'm!" grunted Krieger. "I fancy most boys of your age would have collapsed a good deal earlier in the game. Mr. Vaile, I am extremely pleased to meet you and to thank you for all you have done for my dear old friend here."

"I think the boot's on the other foot, sir," replied Martin blushing. "It's the Professor who's been jolly good to me."

"A mutual admiration society," said Captain Krieger, with a twinkle in his eye. "Suppose that we suspend compliments for the present, and devote ourselves to plans? I may as well tell you that I propose to make for America. It is closer than England, and an easier voyage for a battered old craft like this."

Martin sat up sharply.

"But we must go to Lemuria first," he said.

Captain Krieger turned and looked at him in evident surprise.

"Impossible, Mr. Vaile," he answered. "We are already far under the weed. We could spare neither oxygen nor fuel to turn back."

CHAPTER 63

Dead Broke

Martin stared at Krieger and there was dismay in his face.

"But the gold," he said.

"What gold?"

"Hymer the priest and Akon had promised me all the gold I wanted," groaned Martin. "Didn't you tell him, Professor?"

"I!" said the Professor. "I knew nothing of this."

"No, I forgot," said Martin sadly. "In all the excitement of the eruption I forgot about it. But after Odan was killed and his rebellion crushed, the prince and Hymer said I could have all the gold I liked. You know what I wanted it for, Professor?"

Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

Augustus and young Marmaduke were short of pennies, so, with faces long and very sad, into the fair they go.

"Let's get right on the roundabout; the attendant is away."

I know just how to start it going," young Marmaduke did say.

Upon an ostrich Marmy got; Augustus rode a horse.

(They turned the starting-handle first, and off it went, of course.)

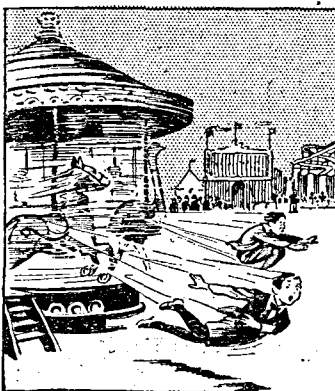
And round it went so very fast, and faster, faster still.

"Oh, can't you stop it?" Gussy cried. "I'm feeling rather ill."

But faster than an aeroplane it whizzed the boys around,

And soon they lost their hold, and then were hurled along the ground.

Like stones out of a catapult they whizzed across the field, And many, many weeks 'twill be before their wounds are healed.



"Yes, to pay those creditors of your father's—those people his partner, Morton Willard, swindled over that Cleansand settlement in Florida."

Captain Krieger looked from one to the other. He was frowning, and evidently much distressed.

"I only wish I had known. Naturally, I kept clear of Lemuria, for I always looked upon her people as hostile. Now it is too late, for we are half way to the open sea."

Martin was silent, but the look on his face showed how bitter was his disappointment. He had counted above all things upon getting that gold, and with it clearing his father's name. Besides, now that Lost Island was destroyed, the Professor was left practically penniless, and Captain Krieger too, as well as Scipio, would need to be provided for.

"Cannot we return?" asked the Professor. "Cannot we rise outside the weed, replenish our air supply, and then dive again and go back to Lemuria?"

"Impossible, Distin. We have barely enough oil to take us to the nearest port," answered the captain.

"What is the nearest port?"

"Key West, the southernmost city of Florida."

"So you are going to Florida?" said Martin sadly.

"There is no choice, my boy," replied Captain Krieger. "We must make for the nearest point at which we can refill our tanks."

"And what then?" asked the Professor. "What shall we do next?"

"Sell the old Saga for what she will fetch and make the best of our way back to Europe, I suppose," replied Captain Krieger grimly. "That at least is all that I can suggest. To tell you the truth, Distin, I don't think that you and I have a hundred pounds between us and the workhouse."

"We will not despair, Krieger. It is true that matters seem serious. Still, our lives are safe, and I am convinced that in some way or other we shall find means of livelihood."

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES & QUERIES

What is a Leading Question?

A question put to a witness in a law case which suggests the answer that is desired.

What is a Joint Committee?

A committee formed of members of both Houses of Parliament to inquire into some question.

What is the Royal Literary Fund? A fund founded in 1791 to make grants to literary people in needy circumstances.

What are Death Duties? Death duties are taxes levied on estates passing to other persons on the death of their owners.

Five-Minute Story

TWITTERMOUSE

Poor Tom was very unhappy. There were boys playing on their way home from school, but he could not join them. He was only just getting better from the mumps, and he felt so miserably dull that he was nearly crying when Grandad came in, and made way for him to sit beside him on the settee.

"When I was a little lad," he began, as he smoked his long pipe, "I was orphaned and brought up in the workhouse. And when I was just turned seven they sent me to earn my bread as a farmer's boy. A rough little chap I was, but they were hard folk; and they made me sleep in the barn among the straw. And one night I was sitting by the door, crying over my poor chilblained hands, when the farmer came in from market, all covered with snow, carrying a bundle in his arms. 'Twas his little orphan niece, and she tiptoed across the floor just like a flittermouse or bat, as he said when he took off her shawl."

"Father used to call me 'Little Twittermouse,'" she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"And then she ran to me, and put her arms round my neck."

"I like you, boy," she said.

"Come to the fire and get warm."

"Nay, now, honey," said her aunt. "Don't ye bother with that rough lad."

"But she did, and she would, and every little treat she had of white bread or jam she shared with me, do what her aunt could. So they grew kinder, too, and at last something happened that made them kinder still."

"'Twas in March, and there had been deep snow and a sudden thaw, with rain and storm. I was fast asleep and dreaming when Little Twittermouse woke me, for the dam had burst, and the floods were out."

"Let's get Bonny and Bayard out of the stable," she said. "I've opened the door, but the water's high, and I can't reach their halters."

"So we crept through the trapdoor into the manger, and I managed to cut the rope with a knife she gave me. The horses were plunging and whinnying, nearly mad with fright, but she quietened them. And we took them through the water to the hill, where we were safe. The farmer was there, too; he had saved the other animals, but he said we'd saved what was of most value."

"Grandad stopped to empty his pipe, and Tom caught eagerly at his arm."

"And what became of Little Twittermouse when you grew up?" he asked.

Grandad laughed.

"She's here, coming to tell us there's jam-tarts for tea," he said. And Tom gave a great shout as he ran to hug her.

"Grandmother Twittermouse!" he said.

"Yes," answered Grandfather. "Grandmother Twittermouse!"

September 6, 1919

The Children's Newspaper

II



Mirth Makes Health and Lengthens Life



Dr. MERRYMAN

Young Lady: "Have you a circulating library?"

New Assistant: "No, madam; I am afraid we are quite out of them. But I can show you a revolving bookcase."

Tangrams

Here is a square divided into seven pieces. Take a postcard, draw a square, and then cut it up into seven pieces like these, but larger. Now, using all the pieces, place them together to form these pictures in turn. The pieces must fit closely together and there must be no overlapping. The Chinese invented these tangrams, as they are called, hundreds of years ago,

and practically any object in the universe can be made with them. More tangram pictures will be given next week.



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Riddle in Rhyme

A man made shoes, but not of leather,
And these four things he used together—

Fire, water, earth,
and air.

Every customer
took two pair.



Smith had just bought a new dog, and took Jones to have a look at it. They hung over the stable-door, and peeped at the puppy, which was twisting round and round in a frenzied effort to catch its own tail.

"What sort of dog do you call that?" asked Jones.

"A watch dog," replied Smith.

"Oh, I see," remarked Jones. "I suppose he's winding himself up now."

Is Your Name Marston?

This name means boundary-stone and, no doubt, one of your forefathers was known as John or James, who lived near the boundary or mere-stone. After a time this became the surname of his family and so was handed down to you.

George the Third's Physicians

The king employed three doctors daily,
Willis, Heberden, and Baillie;
All exceeding skilful men.
Baillie, Willis, Heberden;
But doubtful which most sure to kill is,
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis.

A Question Answered

A spring post sent to the editor of a daily paper a little effusion entitled "Why do I live?" He received it back with a note from the editor: "You live because you were wise enough to post your stuff instead of bringing it by hand."

A miner who came from Redruth Chanced to fall down a well in his youth.

When asked why he fell,
He said, "I can't tell—
I suppose I was looking for Truth!"

The Printer's Daughter

Torn from the cloudless sky,
The hue

Is given to thy eyes so blue.

Her eyes: ()
The colour of the sunset's glow

Is mantled in thy cheeks of snow.

Her cheeks: ()
The richest gems of earth, dear girl,

Are rivalled by thy teeth of pearl.

Her teeth: vvvv
Around thy marble brow so fair

In golden ringlets waves thy hair.

Her hair: ssss
Most lovely of thy charms, I ween,

Are thy sweet lips incarnadine.

Her lips: ———
Had I great wealth at my command

I'd give it all for thy dear hand.

Her hand: ———

Poser

If the dog tore the mat, what was it the cur-rent?

Do You Live in Aberdeenshire?

Aberdeenshire is the shire or district of which Aberdeen is the chief town, and Aberdeen comes from an old Celtic prefix meaning the mouth or confluence of a river. The name really means the confluence of the Dee and Don.

Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and girl's name. Do you know what they are?
Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What is This?
This was a catch. The letters WONRODE make ONE WORD.

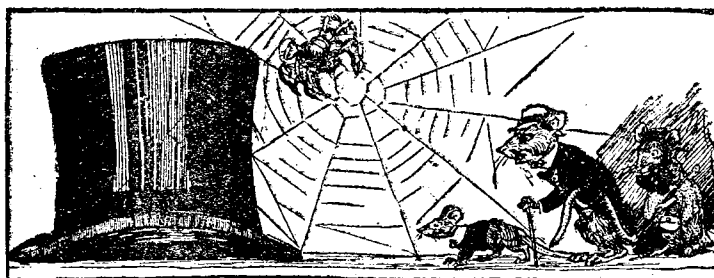
Parts of Familiar Things

The things shown were a part of a pair of eyeglasses, a part of a lamp-burner, the top of a lighthouse, and the stile of a sundial.

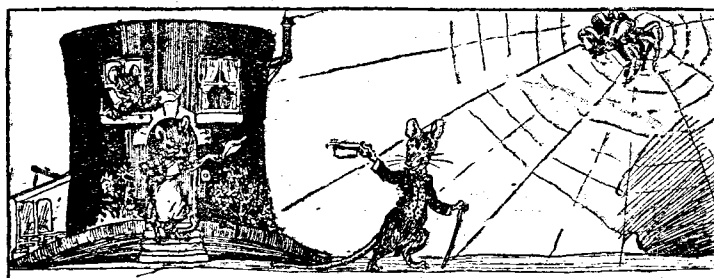
Buried Boys' Names

These are the names: Edgar, Arthur, Edward, George, and James.

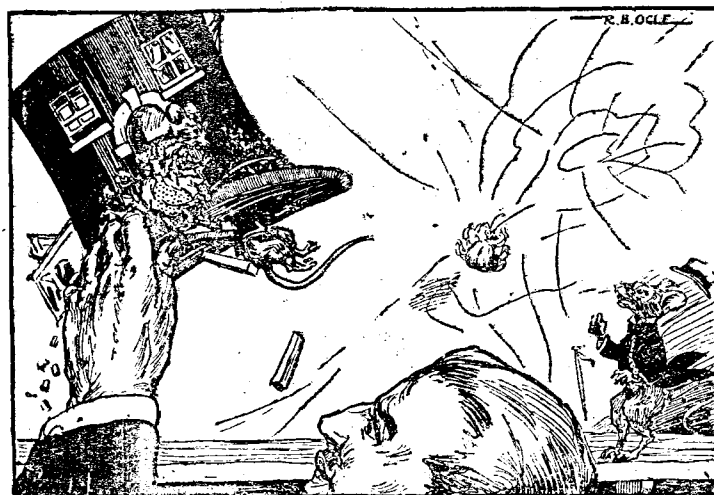
Mr. Mouse Finds a House



"Here's a topping residence at last!" said Mr. Mouse, tired out after a long day of house-hunting



With Mr. Spider's permission he made alterations to his own plans



But hardly had his family settled in the new abode, when the real owner returned. So the family of Mr. Mouse is looking for another house

Jacko Borrows Half-a-crown

"Lend me half-a-crown," said Jacko one morning to his big brother Adolphus.

"Certainly not," said Adolphus. "You've only just had your pocket-money; you can't have spent it all."

"I have, then," said Jacko. "Things cost such a jolly lot now, and father won't give me any more."

"I should think not," said Adolphus. "You'd only eat it when you'd got it." And off he went for a swim—for it was in the holidays, and the family was at the seaside.

Now, for once in his life, Jacko didn't want to buy cakes, or ices, or chocolates. He had smashed his cricket bat, and he knew where he could get another for seven shillings and sixpence. He had five shillings in his money-box, and so he only wanted half-a-crown to make up the amount.

The thought of that bat worried Jacko all the morning. He worried his mother about it till she threatened to send him home again. Belinda wouldn't help him, either.

"Mean, stingy lot," grumbled Jacko. "Can't find half-a-crown between them."

He strolled down to the beach and watched Adolphus enjoying himself in the water. The door of one of the bathing-machines was open, and Jacko recognised his brother's striped coat. A wicked twinkle came into his eyes. He hopped up the steps, caught up all the clothes he could find, and ran off with them.

Presently Adolphus came out of the water, and climbed, dripping, up the steps of the machine. He banged the door to, but the next moment he wrenched it open again.

"Someone's taken my things," he cried; and then he caught sight of his young brother calmly sitting on them on the beach.

"Bring them back this instant," he shouted, "or I'll knock your head off!"

Jacko grinned and shook his head.

"Bring me my clothes!" roared Adolphus.

And Jacko grinned more than ever. "There's half-a-crown in your pocket," he said sweetly; "if you'll lend it to me—"

"Oh, take the money, you little wretch," said Adolphus, who was beginning to shiver—"only bring me my clothes."

Dante's Friend

A famous artist was riding on horseback near Florence one day when he noticed a little shepherd boy drawing one of the sheep on a smooth rock with a pointed stone. He alighted from his horse, and watched the boy, and soon saw that there were signs of genius about the rough sketch.

With the father's permission, he took the boy home and began to give him lessons. The boy was an apt pupil, and before long he outstripped his master. But he was full of fun, and there is a story that when the master came into his studio one day to continue a painting that he was engaged upon, he noticed a fly on the nose of the figure on the canvas. He flicked his hand to drive it off, but it would not go; and then he found that his pupil had painted it there for a joke.

Painting was very formal in those days, but this boy preferred to paint things as he saw them. He derived his inspiration from Nature itself.

His fame soon spread, and the Pope, hearing of him, invited him to Avignon to adorn the Papal palace there. The envoy who had been sent to the artist asked him for a specimen of his work to take to the Pope, but the painter, instead of giving an ordinary picture, took a canvas and, dipping his brush in some red paint, gave one sweep of his arm and drew a perfect circle.

"Am I to take nothing else?" asked the astonished courtier.

"It is more than sufficient," said the young artist, and he was right, for it was on the strength of that wonderful circle that the commission was given.

He numbered among his closest friends the great poet Dante, who refers to him in his Divine Comedy, and the artist in his turn painted the poet's portrait.

He travelled about Italy, and in 1330 was employed by the King of Naples to beautify his city. "I will make you the first man in Naples," said the king, and the artist replied: "I am that already, for I live where the first houses of the city stand."

The greatest work of this famous artist was to design the most beautiful cathedral bell-tower in the world. It stands at Florence today, the admiration of all peoples and the wonder of all ages since it was built. It is called by his name, though he did not live to see it finished.

His genius was fully appreciated by men of his day, and high and low delighted to honour him.

He was appointed official architect to the city and state of Florence, and the citizens were very proud of him. He died there on January 8, 1336, at the age of seventy. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

The Giant of Music last week was Bach



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

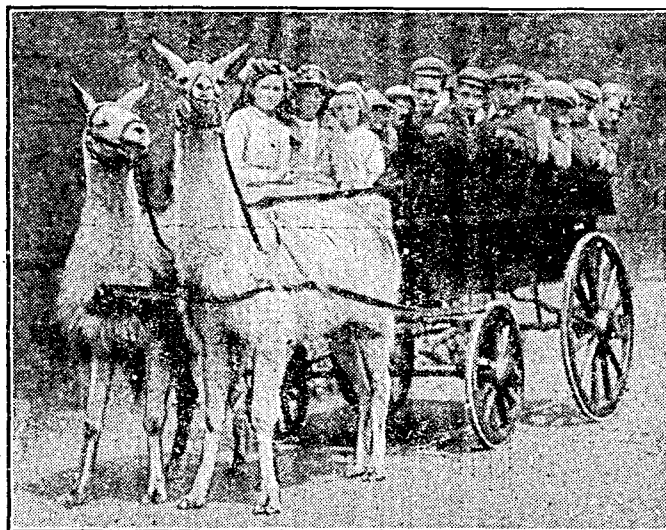
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A SOLDIER'S DIVE. GEESE THAT WENT THROUGH THE WAR. LITTLE JANE LEE



Boy Scouts riding for a bath



A ride with the llamas at the Zoo



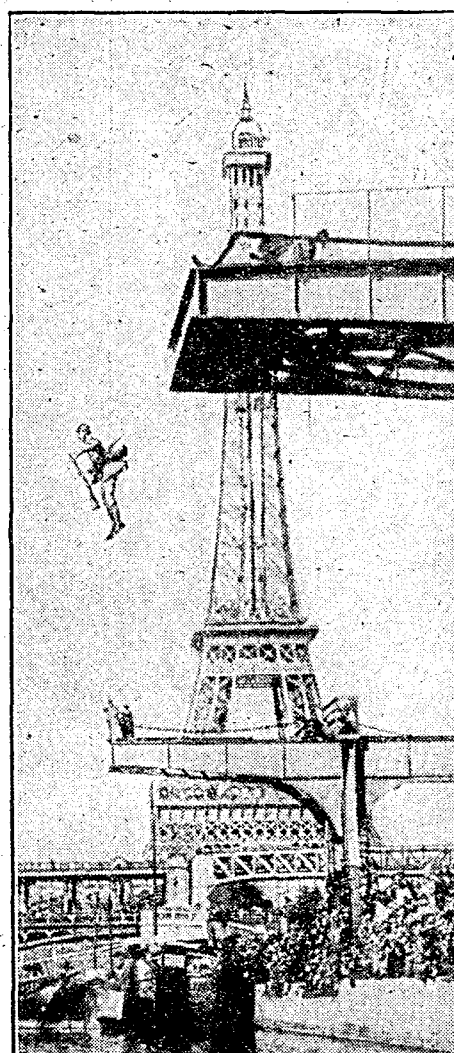
Youngest runner at the London Police Sports



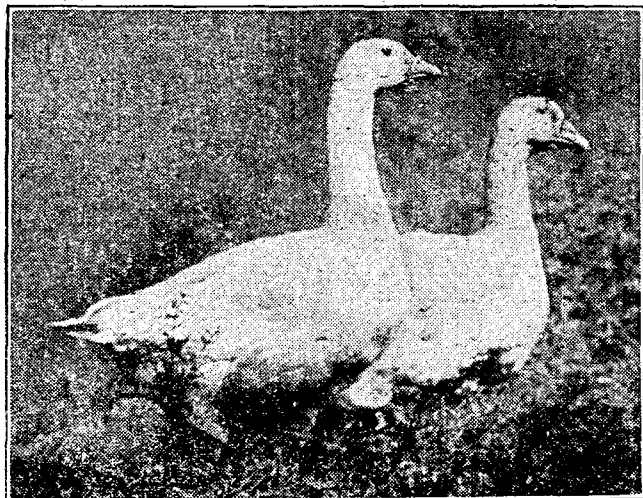
Carrying Daddy's bat—J. B. Hobbs, the famous cricketer, and his little boy



A jolly portrait of Little Jane Lee, the famous kinema girl



A French Poilu dives into the Seine in Paris wearing full kit



The geese of many battles. They went through the Great War. See story on page two



Winners of Juvenile Tennis Tournament at Frinton, Miss M. Cawston and Master D. Burdett



Vera Richardson and the boy she saved from drowning in the Thames at Chelsea. See page four